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Addington Peace, Detective;

Or, THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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PART I.

SHORTLY after the adventure which I had with the great detective, Addington Peace, in the Amaroff affair, I left London for a round of country visits.

Towards the end of December I returned to London for a few days, and on the third night after my arrival I decided to visit the detective. I had discovered that he was a bachelor, and lived in two rooms on the third floor. The floors that separated us were let out as offices, so that Peace at the top and I at the bottom had the old house to ourselves after seven o'clock.

The little man was at home, and he seemed pleased to see me. With his sparrow-like agility he hopped about, producing glasses and a bottle of whisky. Finally, with our pipes in full blast, we sat facing each other across the fire, and soon dropped into a conversation which to me, at least, was of unusual interest. A very curious knowledge of London and its people had Detective Addington Peace.

An hour quickly slipped by, and when I rose to go I asked him if he would dine with me on my return from Cloudsham in Norfolk, where I was spending Christmas. He would be pleased, he told me; and then, as he stopped to light a cigar in the coals:

"You stay with Baron Steen, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Why?" I echoed in some surprise.

"You have relatives or other friends?"

"My nearest relative is a sour old uncle in Bradford, who calls me hard names for using the gifts Providence gave me instead of adding up figures in a smoky office. As for friends—well, I am a fairly rich man, Inspector, and, as such, have many friends. What is there against Baron Steen?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, puffing at his cigar, so that he spoke as from a cloud, mistily.

"I know that he has played a bold game on the Stock Exchange," I continued, "and there may be a few outwitted financiers growling at his heels. But it would be hard to find a more thoughtful host. Yes, I am going to Cloudsham tomorrow."

We shook hands warmly on parting, and as I descended the stairs he leant over the rail, smiling down upon me in a friendly way.

"Remember your dinner engagement," I called up to him. "I shall see you after the New Year."

"Yes, if not before," he said; and I seemed to catch the faint echo of a laugh as I turned the corner.

It was on the afternoon of Decembeer 24 that I stepped from the train at the little station of Cloudsham. Fresh snow had fallen, and the wind came bitterly over the frozen levels of the fen country. A distant clock was striking four as the carriage passed into the crested entrance-gates and tugged up a rising slope of park land dotted with ragged oaks and storm-bowed spinnies, which showed as black stains upon its snow-clad undulations. At the summit the road bent sharply, and I saw below me the old manor of Cloudsham, beyond which—a somber plain, losing itself in the evening mists that swathed the horizon—stretched the restless water of the North Sea.

The house lay in a broad depression, in shape as the hollow of a hand, save only on the seaward side, where the line of cliff bit into it like the grip of a giant's teeth. The gray front looked up, across a slope of grass land, to a semi-circle of forest that swept away in dark shadings of fir and oak. From the long oblong of the main buildings were thrust back two wings, flanked on the nearer side by a chapel.

From the back of the house to the edge of the sea cliffs, a distance of some quarter of a mile, ran an irregular avenue of firs with clipped yew walks and laurel-edged flower gardens on either hand.

A dozen men sweeping the paths and a telegraph boy on a pony mounting the hill towards me showed as black pigmies against the drifts of snow.

My bachelor host was absent when I was ushered into the great central hall where the house-party were met together for their tea. I am by nature shy of strangers, taken in large doses, and it was with relief that I recognized Jack Talman, the grizzled cynic of an Academician, sitting in a corner seat well out of reach of draughts and female conversation.

"Hello, Phillips," he welcomed me. "And what financial gale brings you here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't put on frills with me. I've come to paint old Steen's picture, if he will give me the fifteen hundred that I'm asking for it. Lord Tommy Retford yonder is here to unload some of his old furniture—you know Tommy's rooms in Piccadilly, don't you? Furnished by a dealer in Bond street, and 25 per cent

commission to Tommy on everything he can sell out of them. That's Mrs. Talbot Slingsly talking to him. Pretty woman, got into trouble in New York, was cut by all America, and captured Slingsly and London society at one blow. Scandal never does cross the Atlantic somehow—all the dirty linen gets washed in the herring-pond. That's old Lord Blane by the fire; very respectable, and lends money on the sly. Private gentleman will make advances on note of hand—he you know. Fine woman, Mrs. Billy Blades—that's her on the sofa. She's been making desperate love to Steen, but no go. The gay old dog's too clever for her. That long chap's her husband. Watch him prowling round, looking to see if he can pouch a silver ashtray or something, I expect. By Jove, Phillips, but it's as good as a play, ain't it?"

"And this is London society?" I exclaimed.

"No," he cackled, shaking with vast amusement. "No, man; no. It's the Smart Set, that advertised, criticized, glorious, needy brigade of rogues and vagabonds—the Smart Set. Bless 'em all, say I; they're the best of company, but it's as well to lock up your valuables before you become too intimate with them."

I finished off my tea while old Talman sucked at his cigarette in great entertainment.

"You'd like to see the house," he commenced again. "Come along, I'll show you round—I want a walk before dinner."

It was a most interesting ramble. We passed from room to room admiring the carved oak, the splendid pictures, the Sheraton furniture, the cabinets of old china, the armor, and the tapestry. For the manor was filled with the heirlooms of the De Launes, from whom Baron Steen rented it. And though the present peer, a broken-down old drunkard, was living on eight hundred pounds a year, the family had been a great and glorious one, finding mention on many a page in English history.

At the end of the great diningroom, set in the black oak wainscot above the fire, was the portrait of a boy. It was a Reynolds, and a worthy effort of that master hand. The lad could have been no more than fifteen years of age, but in his eyes was that grave, distracted expression that usually comes with the painful wisdom of later years. In more closely examining the picture, I noticed that a large portion of it in the bottom right-hand corner had been repaired or painted out. I called Talman's attention to this misfortune, asking him if he knew the cause.

"They painted out the wolf," he said, "and with good enough reason, too."

"A wolf?" I said.

"If old De Laune were to hear me gossiping about it he'd kick me out of the place—he would, by Jove! But with Steen in possession it's safe enough. Mind you, though, you mustn't mention it to the ladies—on your word, now."

"Yes, yes," I said eagerly; "go on."

"Such things frighten the women," he explained. "Well, it was in this way. Philip, and he was the sixth earl, was our ambassador at St. Petersburg somewhere about the year 1790. Once when he was out hunting he shot an old she-wolf that was peering from the mouth of a cave, and inside they found a thriving family of four cubs. One of them was white, an albino, I suspect. He saved it from the dogs and took it home. When he came back to Cloudsham the next year, he brought it along with his wife and his boy—an only son. They say it was a great pet at first, but it grew sulky with age, and finally was kept chained in the stables.

"One Christmas eve, just as dusk was closing in, De Laune was trotting down the drive—he had been hunting at a distant meeting—when he heard a fearful screaming from the lower gardens towards the cliff. He put spurs to his horse, and in two minutes was galloping through the shadows of the fir avenue towards the sea. All of a sudden his horse pulled up dead, threw him, and bolted. When he got to his feet—he wasn't hurt, luckily—what did he see but the body of his son, lying with his throat torn out, and the white wolf standing over him, the broken chain dangling at its neck.

"They say he was a giant, this Philip de Laune, and of a very wild and passionate temper. Anyway, he went straight for the beast, and, though he was dreadfully mauled, he killed it—Heaven knows how—with his bare hands. That's why the present branch of the family came by the place. Pretty grewsome, isn't it?"

"A strange story," I told him; "but why must it be kept a secret from the ladies?"

"Because the beast walks, man. There's not a laborer in Norfolk who would go into the lower gardens on any night of the year, much less on Christmas eve?"

"My good Talman, do you mean to say you believe this?"

"I don't know—but I wouldn't go into the lower gardens tonight, if I could walk round. Think of it, Phillips, the white shape with the bloody jaws lurking in the shadows! Ugh—let's go and get a cocktail before——"

"I beg you pardon, sir, but the baron is looking for you."

He was a tall, hatchet-faced fellow, with that mixture of respect and dignity that marks the well-trained British manservant. Upon the soft pile of the rugs we had not heard his footsteps.

"He asked me to find you, sir," he continued, addressing himself to me with a slight bow. "He is waiting in his room."

As he preceded us thither, Talman whispered that Henderson—meaning thereby our conductor—was Steen's valet, and a very clever fellow by all accounts.

The baron, fat, high-colored and hearty, welcomed me with an open sincerity of pleasure well calculated to place a guest at his ease. A remarkable old boy was Baron Steen. He always seemed to carry with him a jovial atmosphere of his own, in which those to whom he spoke were lost and blinded out of their better judgment. He was kind enough to pay me some compliments upon my water-color work. Whatever else can be brought against him, no one can deny that he was a sound judge of art.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough that night, with free and witty conversation. Our bachelor host was in his most humorous mood, keeping those about him in shouts of laughter. Facing him, at the extremity of the long table, was his secretary, a thin, melancholy youth of about four-and-twenty. My fair neighbor told me that Terry, as he was named, had been intended for the church, but that his father, having ruined himself on the Stock Exchange, had persuaded the baron to give him work. He was devoted to his patron, which, she smiled, was not surprising, seeing that he must be well on his way to rebuilding the fortune his father had lost.

I am not an ardent gambler, and when I do play I admit a preference for games in which brains are of some account. The roulette table soon bored me, and after I had seen the last of a few pounds, I contented myself by watching the changing fortunes of the rest of the party. Just before eleven the baron, who had parted with considerable sums of money in perfect good humor, excused himself, and before the rest had settled down to the table again, I slipped away to my bedroom, where a selection of novels and a favorite pipe offered more congenial attractions.

The room was of considerable size and majestically furnished. It was on the first floor at the extremity of the right-hand wing, and looked out over the gardens on the cliff. A branch road from the main drive ran beneath the windows to an entrance at the back of the house.

They had steam heat on the upper floors, and the high temperature of my room had drawn stale and heavy odors from the tapestry on the walls and the ancient hangings that fringed the huge four-post bedstead. It was the atmosphere of an old clothes shop on a July day. I pulled back the curtains, opened the window and thrust out my head for a mouthful of fresh air.

It was a quiet, moonless night, lit by the stars that blinked in their thousand constellations, though the snow lay deep, the air struck mildly. Indeed, if it were freezing, it could not have been by more than two degrees. Upon the edge of the distant cliffs robes of confusing mist curled in veils as thin as moonlight; but in the foreground the yew walks and aisles of ancient laurel showed clearly upon the white carpet. About the central avenue of firs which carved the gardens into the darkness lay in impenetrable pools of shadow. As I waited, the silence was startled by a bell. It rang the four quarters in a tinkling measure, followed by eleven musical strokes. I knew that the sound must come from the little church that lay to my right; but, though I leant from my window, the angle of the wing in which I was, hid the building from me.

I feel that the story which I have now to tell may well turn me into an object for ridicule. I can only describe that which I saw; as for the conclusions at which I arrived there are many more practical people in the world than myself who would have judged no differently. At best it was a ghastly business.

I had returned to the dressing-table and was changing my dress-coat for a comfortable smoking-jacket when I heard it—a faint and distant cry, yet a cry which crowded with such terror that I sprang to a chair with my white face and goggling eyes staring back at me from the mirror on the table. Again it sounded, and again; then silence fell like the shutter of a camera. I rushed to the window, peering out into the night.

The great gardens lay sleeping in the dusky shadows. There was nothing to be heard; nothing moved save the curling wreaths of mist that came creeping up over the cliffs like the ghosts of drowned sailormen from their burial sands below. Could it have been some trick of the imagination? Could it—and the suggestion which I despised thrust itself upon me—could it bear reference to that grim tragedy that had been played in the old fir avenue so many years ago?

And then I first saw the thing that came towards me.

It was moving up a narrow path, hedged with yew, that led from the gardens and passed to the right of the wing in which I stood. The yew had been clipped into walls some five feet high, but the eastern gales had beaten out gaps and ragged indentations in the lines of greenery, so that in my sideways view of it the path itself was here and there exposed. It was through one of these breaches in the walls that I noticed a sign of movement. I waited, straining my eyes. Yes, there it showed again, a something, moving swiftly towards the house with a clumsy rolling stride.

It was never nearer to me than fifty yards, and the stars gave a shifty light. Yet it left me with an impression that it was about four feet in height and of a dull white color. I remember that its body contrasted plainly with the dark hedges, but melted into uncertainty against a patch of snow. Once it stopped and half raised itself on its hind legs as if listening. Then again it tumbled forward in its shambling, ungainly fashion—now hidden by the yew wall, now thrust into momentary sight by a ragged gap until it disappeared round the angle of the house. Doubtless it would turn to the left, round the old chapel, across the snow-bound park, and so to the woods—where a wolf should be!

I was still staring from the window in the blank fear of the unknown, when I heard the swift pat of feet upon the road beneath me. Round the corner of the wing came a man, running with a patter of little strides, while a dozen yards behind him were a pair of less active followers. What they wanted I did not consider; for at that moment the sight of my own kind was joy enough for me. The electric lamps in the room behind me threw a broad golden patch upon the snow, and as the leader reached it he stopped, glancing up at where I stood. The light struck him fairly in the face. It was Addington Peace!

"Did you hear that cry?" he panted; and then, with a sudden nod of recognition: "I see who it is, Mr. Phillips—well, and did you hear it?"

"It came from over there—in the fir avenue," said I, pointing with a trembling finger. "I don't understand it, Inspector; I don't indeed. There was something that came up that yew walk behind you about a minute afterwards. I should have thought it would have passed you."

"No, I saw nothing. What was it like?"

"A sort of a dog." I stammered; for under his steady eye I had not nerve enough to tell him of my private imaginings.

"A dog—that's curious. Are all the rest of you in bed?

"No; they're gambling."

"Very good. I see there is a door at the back there. Will you come down and let me in, after I've had a look around the gardens?"

"Certainly."

"If you meet any of your friends, you need not mention that I have arrived. Do you understand?"

I nodded, and he hopped away across the lawn with his two companions at his heels.

I slipped on an overcoat and made my way quietly down the stairs. From the roulette-room, as I passed it, came the chink of money and the murmur of merry voices. They would not disturb us, that was certain. I reached the garden doors in the center of the main building, turned the key, and walked out into the gloom of a great square porch. As I have said, the temperature was scarcely below freezing-point, and if I shivered in my fur-lined overcoat it was more from excitement than any great chill in the air. For a good twenty minutes I waited listening and peering into the night. It was not a pleasant time, for my nerves were jangled, and I searched the shadows with timorous eyes, half fearing, half expecting, Heaven knows what hideous apparition. It was with a start which set my heart thumping that I saw Peace turn the corner of the right-hand wing and come trotting down the drive towards me. There was something in his aspect that told a story of calamity.

"What is it?" I asked him, as he panted up.

"I want you—come along," he whispered, and started back the way he had come.

We passed round the right-hand wing, under my bedroom window, and stopped where the yew walk ended. To the right and left of the entrance two stone fauns leered upon us under the starlight.

"This thing you call a dog—could you see it as far as this?"

"No; the angle of the wing prevented me."

"You saw it pass in this direction. Are you certain it did not go back the way it came?"

"Yes, I am quite certain."

"Then it must either have turned up the road; in which case I should have met it; or down the road, where you would have seen it as it passed under your windows; or else have run straight on. If we take these facts as proved, it must have run straight on."

"That is so."

We had our backs to the laughing fauns. Before us lay a board triangle of even snow, with the chapel and wing of the house for its sides, and for its base the carriage-drive on which we stood. There was no shrub or tree in any part of it that might conceal a fugitive. Close to the wall of the house ran a path ending in a small side door. The chapel, which was joined to the mansion, had no entrance on the garden side.

"If it entered this triangle and disappeared—for I am certain it was not here when I ran by—we may conclude that it found its way into the house. It had no other method of escape. Kindly stay here, Mr. Phillips. This snow is fortunate, but I wish the sweepers had not been so conscientious about their work on the paths."

He drew a little electric lantern from his coat, touched the spring, and with an eye of light moving before him, turned into the path under the wall. He walked slowly, bending double as he swept the brilliant circle now on the exposed ground, now on the snow ridges to right and left. The sills of the ground floor windows were carefully examined, and when he reached the door he searched the single step before it with minute attention. A curious spectacle he made, this little atom of a man, as he peeped and peered his way like some slow-hunting beast on a cold scent.

It was not until he left the path for the snow-covered grass-plot that I saw him give any sign of success.

Inspector Peace dropped on his knees with a little chirrup of satisfaction like the note of a bird. Then he rose again, shaking his head and staring up at the windows above him in a cautious, suspicious manner. Finally he came slowly back to me, with his head on one side, staring at the ground before him.

"You thought it was a dog?" he asked.

"Why a dog?"

"It looked to me like a dog—or a wolf," I told him boldly.

"Whether it be beast or man, or both, I believe the thing that killed him is in the house now."

I jumped back, staring at him with a sudden exclamation.

"Who has been killed?" I stammered out.

"Baron Steen. We found him on the cliffs yonder. He was badly cut about."

"It's impossible, Inspector," I cried. "He left the roulette-table not a quarter of an hour before you came."

"Ah—he was a cool hand, Mr. Phillips. It was like him to put off bolting till the last minute. The warrant against him for company frauds is in my pocket now. But some one gave the game away to him, for his yacht is lying off the beach there, with a boat from her waiting at the foot of the cliff. But we've no time to lose—come along."

This extraordinary story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

New Butler—A gentleman to see you, sir.

Boss—It isn't one of the family on a visit, is it?

New Butler—O, no, sir; he is quite a nice-looking man.

A German Allegory.

On a recent trip to Germany, Doctor Harvey Wiley, former Government pure food expert, heard an allegory with reference to the subject of food adulteration, which, he contends, should cause Americans to congratulate themselves that things are so well ordered in this respect in the United States.

The German allegory was substantially as follows:

Four flies, which had made their way into a certain pantry, determined to have a feast.

One flew to the sugar and ate heartily; but soon died, for the sugar was full of white lead.

The second chose the flour as his diet, but he fared no better, for the flour was loaded with plaster of Paris.

The third sampled the sirup, but his six legs were presently raised in the air, for the syrup was colored with aniline dyes.

The fourth fly, seeing all his friends dead, determined to end his own life also, and drank deeply of the fly poison, which he found in a convenient saucer.

He is still alive and in good health. That, too, was adulterated.

The Counterfeit Hawkins

By Clara Parker

And down we went!

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CHAPTER V.

ALL crouched as I was for a pantherlike spring upon the first assailant who showed a head, thus I stood when the lights from a dark lantern flashed in upon us, revealing to me Miss Manning's face as it turned upon me with a look of growing wonder and horror in her eyes. At the same fatal moment Mrs. Bowen took up her cue and began with vigor the role assigned her, no doubt, before my part in the play began.

"Captain!" she screamed. "There is no captain here! Speak to them Mr. Hawkins. Tell them they have made a mistake. We are not the parties they are looking for."

The man outside gave a laugh which, for insolent amusement, did him great credit, providing it was wholly assumed.

"Hawkins!" he chuckled. "That's a good joke. Haven't you told 'em yet, captain, what became of that precious lawyer?"

And now I had in full measure my punishment for the foolhardy recklessness with which I had walked into the net that held me fast. Confusion, guilt even, must appear upon my face, as I continued to stare open-mouthed into the now blazing eyes of the girl who so lately had nestled confidingly at my side.

"Oh," she cried, while a hot color rushed into her cheeks but an instant since a deadly white, "Mrs. Bowen, he has the jewels! Let him take them and go! We are helpless in their hands, the wretched cowards!"

The laugh of the man outside struck maddeningly upon my lacerated pride.

"All right, captain, if that's the way they feel," he called, stepping back that I might alight. "It won't hurt our feelings if we get the shiners, whatever the women think."

For one wild second I stared about. Miss Manning had sunk back and turned her face aside from mine, while Mrs. Bowen surveyed me with a look in which an assumed mask of outraged virtue struggled with a spiteful joy at the ignominy of my fall.

Outside the light of the lantern showed to me that but one man stood at the door, while the driver was upon the ground, holding the lines in his hands, the impatient horses tugging and fretting at their bits.

No, I would not drop like a rat into the trap held out for me. I doubted much that it was intended that I should survive the night, so any daring which, at this stage of the game, may have crept into my conduct is wholly explained by my reasoning that I might as well die one way as another.

"Let me get down," I said quietly to the fellow, all the while vividly aware of how my air of understanding which was meant to disarm him must blacken me in the eyes of Miss Manning, and, without a backward glance at the women I was apparently deserting, I stepped out upon the ground.

I thought I heard Miss Manning give a stifled sob. It was a sound which should have unnerved me, but, fortunately it seemed to turn to steel the arm which I suddenly shot forward, as I brought my fist so suddenly against the head of the man nearest me that he went down like a dog before a glimmer of suspicion had crept into his evil eyes. Without waiting to see whether he was ever liable to rise again, I sprang forward and dealt a second blow, this time upon the head of the driver, who, hampered with the lines, stood sputtering forth indistinct cries of rage and bewilderment. I didn't do so clean a job with him, and we grappled, his lunges in self-defense dragging at the lines, while the horses reared, and Mrs. Bowen began a series of screams set in a much higher key than her artificial fright had been.

Even as I fought with all my strength, I was sick with shame to thing that Miss Manning's eyes must be gazing through the darkness at our writhing figures, filled with terror and amazement. How sweetly she had trusted me, and there I was fighting in her presence like a footpad.

Never mind! Those villains should not have that box, and, setting my teeth as I heard the man I had knocked down commence to stir and inquire where he was, I struck out with such a burst of fury that my second man doubled up before me and fell backward to the ground.

Snatching from his hands the lines, I made a spring to the carriage seat, and, giving the already frantic horses a blow with the whip, started them off at a run, just in time to escape a bullet which flew by head. Fortunately for me the man had missed, and, before he had time for a second shot, the horses had carried the recklessly swaying carriage around a bend in the road, leaving the dazed ruffian to run, screaming futile threats, up the steep incline. For a moment the thrill of victory throbbed in my veins, and I felt myself a mighty conqueror, and then came a sickening revulsion, brought about in part by the shrieks of Mrs. Bowen, now genuine and hearty which formed a discordant chorus, for a time, with the uproar made by my enraged pursuer.

Oh, yes! I still had the packet and the lady, but what in the deuce was I to do with either one of them? The lady now scorned and distrusted me. I was dressed so that I might easily have passed for an elderly uncle of myself, and was the self-made victim of a plot in which the squalid purpose of highway robbery seemed to play a leading part. I was absolutely witnout knowledge of my whereabouts. My horses could not keep up their daredevil pace much longer up that rugged path, while, at any moment a rocky cavern might prove a picturesque sepulcher for me and my seeming victims.

In the meantime, I gradually decreased the speed of the horses, as all symptoms of pursuit had faded from the road behind. To my despair we were still climbing. Was there no branch road, or would I keep on mounting until I reached a human lair to which I could be easily followed by those men? If such was the case I would soon be relieved of any further responsibility as to my actions.

Just as my nerves were grating most harshly one upon another the horses took a downward turn. It might easily be a fatal one, but I would not question their going so long as their noses were no longer pointed straight at the lowering sky.

The cries inside had ceased, but they had been followed by a yet more warlike sound. Some one, and of course it was Mrs. Bowen, was pounding upon some portion of the carriage with an instrument of some sort, or a vigorous pair of fists. The sound irritated me into a kind of frenzy.

As we were once more descending, we might at any moment pass one of those mountain huts which I had noticed in my late wanderings, clinging like bats to the rocky walls. My horses slackened their pace unrebuked, as I speculated miserably on what had befallen me that night, and what there might be yet to come.

How hard it had been to see die before my eyes that sweet girlish trust. I had been so foolishly elated over the position of false protector which I had occupied. Now what could that be?

I drew the horses almost to a walk, as I listened breathlessly to a sound which reached me from the direction in which we had left our vanquished foe. If I could, for a moment, have checked Mrs. Bowen's bombardment, my task would have been an easier one, but it was accomplished all too soon for my peace of mind. There could be no reasonable doubt but that we were being pursued. Horses, at least two of them were coming along the road at a rate which made it impossible to imagine any other motive than a desperate one to be urging them to such a speed.

Of course, some one might be out for medical aid, but I would not cheat myself with any such pleasing fancy. Reason compelled me to the decision that those I had so cleverly eluded had, in some way, become possessed of the means to follow us. Instantly my scattered wits marshaled themselves in fighting order.

My horses were by then too much exhausted to need my care, so dismounting, I went around to the carriage door. As I opened it, Mrs. Bowen bounded out upon me, after the manner of an expert mouser, whose long wait has been rewarded by the approach of a foolish mouse.

"Come on, come on!" she cried, undoubtedly to Miss Manning, though I rejected the suspicion that she had been party to a scheme to throttle me the moment I showed a head. "Oh, but you aren't quite through with me yet!" shrieked the strident creature, laying, as she spoke, a most unfeminine clutch upon my collar. I insist that I did not fight her. I could not possibly engage in deadly combat with a person in woman's garb, but I certainly eluded her hold.

With a wide sweep of my arms inside the carriage, I seized upon the cowering figure of the girl, and drew her forth, despite her struggles. It cut me to the heart, besides administering a painful slap to my vanity, to feel her cower and tremble in my arms, but even then I was dimly thankful that she did not reach, as had Mrs. Bowen, for my throat with murderous fingers. One virago at a time was enough for any man.

"Now, Mrs. Bowen," I said, with breathless civility into which I endeavored to introduce a grain of scorn, "you may wait here for your friends. This lady and I will say good-by."

Then indeed did my sweet captive struggle to free herself from my restraining arms. A perfect desperation of shame and pity seized upon me, as I felt her small hands struggling to push my arms from about her, to resist the cruel strength of my hands, and then cease the useless effort with a short sob of bewildered terror, which must have disarmed the savagery of a genuine cutthroat.

Even Mrs. Bowen seemed genuinely concerned. She was not, it seemed, a full-fledged female rascal. Avarice was, perhaps, her special vice, for as I started for the shelter of a wooded ravine with my helpless victim, she set upon me like a vengeful tigress. This, too, with such a succession of shrieks as to fairly deafen me, delivered as they were at a mighty short range.

Of course, she could not stop me, but I fear that my gallantry suffered a setback in the process of getting away, which I, at last did, taking a path which ran downward to some place or other, my charge now lying apparently lifeless in my arms.

Fortunately, I struck a comparatively easy trail. I had a few tumbles, and, after a quarter of an hour of about as hard work as I ever did, burdened as I was, I sank down for a moment's breathing spell. I thought that my companion had fainted, and in an agony of shame and compassion mingled with a number of other emotions which I had no right to and tried not to feel, I leaned close to look into her face, as I placed her reverently upon a shelving rock.

To my deep consternation, not to say chagrin, no sooner had I freed my grasp than she started up with the lightness of an escaping bird, and was instantly lost to me in the darkness. Fortunately, however, my hearing served me better than my sight, and, with a muttered execration which was solely for my own ill luck, I was after her with long strides which soon overreached even the elfish swiftness of her feet.

"Thank heaven for the rattle of this gravel!" I exclaimed, as I neared her side. "Miss Manning, if you insist on running, I must run, too, but, do you know I think our gait a trifle reckless."

Perhaps it was the matter-of-fact tone in my voice, possibly the real honesty of my desire to protect her stood out about me a visible halo in the wretched darkness, or, perhaps she was simply tired out. At any rate she stopped and waited for me to reach her side.

"Who, who are you?" she gasped, shrinking from me against the cruelly hard background of an enormous rock.

"You are not Mr. Hawkins. You will not say that."

What should I do? My story was too unbelievable, and yet I could not lie to the helpless girl.

"Won't you sit down!" I asked, meekly, as I searched about for an inspiration, "I hope that I am fortunate enough to have your confidence."

She gave a laugh. It would have been one of rare scorn, but for the note of fear which pained me in its depths.

"Oh, yes, I trust you, of course!" she cried. "I should be unreasonable if I did not."

Troubled and embarrassed as I was, distressed as I felt for the girl, I could not be unhappy. We seemed safe for the time, and I had never been averse to adventure of the most exciting sort. She would not believe me if I told her my story now. I decided to prepare her mind for its amazing facts.

"How long have you known those people, Mrs. Bowen and Cavendish?" I asked, searching about for a softer spot on which she might rest. "And do you know anything about this country? I have a fancy that if we could reach a good hotel we would both be a great deal happier."

A far-off sound of voices above our heads cut short the rambling speech by

"The jewels!" I whispered.

which I intended to open the way for my startling disclosure of the treachery of her seeming friends. At the sound she was again upon her feet. Was she going to call to those above?

At whatever cost to my feelings, for her sake, that must not be, and, with a bound I was beside her, my hand upon her lips.

"Hush! Oh! forgive me!" I pleaded, as she shrank with a gasp from my touch. "Do not make me seem so brutal, but—really, you must not cry out."

A full-fledged villain could not have appeared in a worse light. It was horrible to feel her tremble so. I could have groaned aloud, but I must hold firm. For the sake of her property, and a little, too, for the sake of my own bones. I doubted that they would do her bodily harm, but I could not picture any torment too great for them to heap upon me, had chance at that moment thrown me back upon their hands.

A stone went crashing by us at this juncture, not flung, I felt sure, but certainly dislodged, undoubtedly by the feet of our pursuers.

"We must move on!" I whispered. "Oh, Miss Manning, do trust me and come! It breaks my heart to seem to force you so!"

She had little mercy upon my heart, however, since I last laid my hands upon her. Still some Heaven-sent uncertainty as to my complete depravity seemed to keep her from violently resisting the meek touch I put upon her arm, and, merely contenting her womanhood with a muttered, "Oh, you coward," she submitted to be led along.

I had no time for flowing speech. Could the honesty in my heart have found speech, Demosthenes himself would have been relegated to the ranks of a second-rate orator, but I had a most unromantic use for my breath, stumbling along the rock-strewn mountainside, at times half carrying the graceful but substantial form of my companion.

There was no strength left in me for speech, beyond an occasional warning "Hush!" which I uttered, as either my nerves or my hearing gave warning, from time to time, that we were still pursued. For hours, it seemed, I slipped and slid along that steep incline, but, at last, a faint streak of light in the east, which seemed to my bewildered brain in an exactly opposite corner of the heavens from where I might have looked for it, brought with it a faint hope that I was not doomed forever to wander like a famished goat about that mountainside.

I felt much inclined to burst into grateful song, but was restrained by more than one depressing circumstance. One of these, and certainly the worst, was the unbending attitude of my companion toward me. The air was cold, and there was more of it than we really needed, elevated as we were upon that lofty platform, but, with a feeling of hope at my heart that, before many hours had passed over my head, I could return to the respectable ranks in life, taking my stony-faced companion with me, I could not keep from shuddering a little as I met her eyes for the first time after the chill gray light had made us something to each other save darkly moving shapes.

"It has all been rather odd has it not?" I said. "If I could be sure that some of those men were not hiding behind one of these many rocks, I would try and make you understand how it all came about."

As I spoke, a warmer ray of light than had as yet broken through the blackness in which we had so long been enveloped, fell upon us. I found my decision of the night before as to the girl's beauty amply sustained, for neither the terrors nor the fatigue of that night, through which she had just passed, had been able to rob her of it. As for what she saw—the mere thought of it brought the blush of shame to my unshaven cheeks.

And yet, a moment later, despite the beastly garments into which I had been forced, despite the unsightly stubble upon my face, my heart was singing its little pean of praise. For, as she looked at me, grim and disheveled, bending meekly toward her in the unbecoming morning light, the terror in the girl's eyes underwent a subtle change.

There was enough of it left, and what wonder? There was fatigue and bewilderment to spare; but the horror, the recoiling womanhood vanished as utterly before that long look she gave into my beseeching eyes as though nothing of it had ever been. Involuntarily I had removed my hat. The situation was really dramatic, you know, absurd as it was. It was the meeting of two souls, after all the darkness and confusion which had gone before.

"But you are not Mr. Hawkins," murmured the girl, as if still in protest against the unwritten bond of peace just signed within our souls.

"No, Miss Manning," I said, joyously, "I am not, but as soon as we have reached a place where revolvers are not so liable to be going off, I trust that I shall be able to convince you that it is all right that I am not."

Difficulties lay before us in plenty, but my joyousness was not feigned. Whatever came, nothing could take from me that look of womanly trust which at last, and despite all, was my very own.

Telling Miss Manning to rest for a few moments, I crept forward in search of a path which could lead us back to the world below. There was nothing of the kind, however, and returning to my companion, we once more commenced our perilous system of slides and falls, the discomfort of which seemed rather increased than diminished by our ability to see what was before us.

Whatever of respectability there might have been in my appearance was being gradually buried beneath a coating of clay, while an ever-increasing army of scratches assisted my beard in completing the villainous aspect of my face. But what was that when Miss Manning no longer resisted my efforts to draw her forward, but obeyed my suggestions with an air of returning hope, which came near, now and then, to an actual gayety of spirits?

"Come, now," I cried, persuasively, to her, as I dropped down a good six feet onto a rocky ledge, and held up my arms to lift her to a place at my side. "There must be a bottom to this, which we will strike if we keep on falling. I am even beginning to dream of coffee."

There was a rosy color at last in the face which bent down to me. She did not seem half so exhausted as I had reason to expect, from the fright and exposure of the night, and, as she reached her hands down to me there was real warmth in her smile, though in it there yet lurked an unappeased demand for that convention so dear to woman's heart.

"After being awake all night I should be glad to dream of anything," she said, her voice losing the severity which she had seen fit to visit upon me until then. "Why didn't you leave the carriage before we were so far up in the mountains?"

The laughter in her voice went to my head, so weakened was I, but the steady clambering had been keeping up for such a while I am afraid my returning smile was not such a studied effort in benevolence as my former efforts in that line had been. At least it brought a brighter flush to her cheeks, and I retreated before the returning lines of severity in her face in meek alarm.

"It would have been better." I murmured, "but everything has been so unusual. You must admit that it has been enough to make one lose a little of his presence of mind."

"You insist that it is unusual for you," she asked demurely, dropping her eyes before my apology in mine.

"It is the first time I ever stole anything from a lady in my life," I cried, tapping the pocket in which lay concealed the leathern case. "But look Miss Manning, what is that? I believe I am developing the trapper instinct. Isn't that a thread of smoke?"

It undoubtedly was a faint curl of smoke, twisting itself up through the dwarf pines which clothed the mountainside, and toward that line we set ourselves to travel through a rock-bound devious trail.

"That smoke speaks to me of coffee. What does it say to you, Miss Manning?" I asked, gayly, as we clambered over a small, impassable mass of clay and gravel, looming suddenly in our way."

"I wish that it was the smoke of a fast train waiting to pick us up," she said, with what I considered a cruel ungraciousness of manner.

Could it be that she detected my growing enjoyment of our plight? Strive as I would, it was becoming each moment harder to conceal the fact that I found in it a most fascinating element.

"While we're hoping for a train, let's hope for one with a diner attached," I said. "I should charter such a car upon the spot."

All the while we talked and slid and climbed, I now pulling Miss Manning after me up a sheer ascent, now lifting her down to my level, the blessed smoke drew nearer, until at last we could see its source. Merely a rough huddle of weather-beaten lumber in the form of a rude cabin flattened against tons on tons of towering clay and stone. When we first discovered it we were elevated above it on a bank so sheer as to suggest impossibilities to a man less hungry and desperate than I. Miss Manning, who had not before shown the white feather, even gasped a little and drew back, but I gave her no time to think.

"Just keep on going," I said, taking her hand firmly in mine, without first asking leave, and down we went, I often in attitudes the reverse of dignified, but always managing to keep Miss Manning upon her feet though she was both frightened and breathless, and a little inclined to balk, to resent my leading her into a race in which stately customs must be abandoned.

Our descent, accompanied as it was by several drayloads of loose gravel, was necessarily somewhat noisy, and brought to the door of the cabin a man in the orthodox coarsely booted, red-flanneled, belted and whiskered condition of the professional miner. He did not look much astonished at the sight of us, though when our eyes first met, I was just scrambling to my feet and briskly rubbing an injured knee.

Tourists had begun to invade his lonely perch, and the mild stare of welcome in his eyes was as grateful to my storm-tossed spirit as was the rank smell of boiling coffee to my raging appetite.

"Could we get a little breakfast here?" I asked boldly, ignoring the fact that there was anything very unusual in the request. "We got lost last night, and are trying to find our way back to town." This statement, like our presence, the man accepted without excitement.

"Come on in," he said, mildly, opening the door to a tumbled, actively unclean room, which appeared to be the extent of his accommodations.

I looked to see Miss Manning draw back at the sight of food, bed clothing, wearing apparel, and hunting goods tossed about together in a state of genial good fellowship, but, perhaps, she was for the time a little weary of the grandeur of Nature, for it was with a sigh of actual relief that she passed inside the door.

Once inside, however, her graceful beauty and the elegance of her dress, which even our wild scrambles had not wholly disarranged, apparently so overwhelmed our host that his presence of mind wholly fled.

"You are heartily welcome to what you want," he muttered, "and I guess," he ended, with a burst of facetiousness, which left him perspiring and solemn-eyed, "that the vittles air good enough, what there is of 'em, and plenty of 'em as they be."

This over, he relapsed into a tongue-tied condition, from which our most earnest efforts could not draw him. As for myself, I was in a strangely excited mental condition. I went about laughing at trifles, and, after a slight hesitation, devoted purely I felt to convention, Miss Manning joined me guardedly in my lightness of spirits.

Falling upon the coffee pot, I urged a large addition to its contents, and wrung from our timid entertainer the admission that there was bread and meat in plenty, after which I aided in stealthily raking from the beneath the bed, when Miss Manning's back was turned, a jar of butter.

As for Miss Manning, nothing could have been more marvelous than the change she produced in the appearance of everything she touched. Bereft by her of its indiscriminate burden, and brightened up by the application of a damp towel, the oilcloth upon the table became a brilliant array of red and green checks which formed a reasonably appetizing background for the plate of fried pork, steaming coffee, and toasted bread, which she and I, shamefacedly assisted now and then by our host, finally set forth.

I was shamefully hungry, and even Miss Manning attacked the coarse food with a birdlike eagerness, but, though our host from his perch on the wood-box followed my gastronomic feats with wistful eyes, he could not have been persuaded by anything short of a club to share our feast.

"Now," I said, when I could eat no more, having reached a stage where I began to detect a flaw in the flavor of the butter, "can you furnish me with some sort of a rig and driver to take this lady and myself to the nearest station?"

He could not himself. Would not, I think was the word. To be rid of us, however, which I think was his earnest prayer, he did bestir himself and go in search of a man who owned a pair of bronchos, and, in two hours' time, we were seated behind the worst-looking outfit in horse flesh which had ever drawn human beings over the ground. It had legs, however, eight of them, and we got along at a very decent rate of speed, considering the volcanic nature of our trail.

I had counted upon this breathing space to pour out to Miss Manning in full the story of the folly which had involved me in her affairs, and was counting upon a return of confidence which would throw light upon the circumstances which had placed her at the mercy of the band of cutthroats from whom I could not feel wholly certain we had escaped. Fate had ordained it otherwise.

If ever Nature had formed an individual with a tongue revolving easily upon a well-oiled axis, the party who drove us that morning through the mountains was certainly the human freak so endowed. Words with him were of secondary importance. It was sound that he was after, and it never ceased. Long before we had reached our journey's end, my spirit was so broken that I merely sat with drooping head, reflecting upon the surpassing comfort of the deaf.

The nearest station, he informed us, in the middle of an endless yarn about a man who done something or other some time, was a flag station, and onto the platform of this inhospitable retreat he dumped us, after having demanded a price for his services which put them outside the ordinary industries of life, off in a class all their own.

There was no agent about, but the driver, before he drove off, graciously pointed out to us a grimy red flag, which he said we were to use in stopping the train, providing the absent official had not shown up by then. I had no mind, however, for any such proceeding, and, establishing Miss Manning in the ten by twelve waitingroom, which was ticket office, telegraph office, and express office all in one, I bustled out upon the platform in search of the missing man.

He was nowhere in sight, and I was about to return to my companion, thinking that, after all, it didn't much matter to me if we never got away from our quiet retreat, when on passing a rude shed adjoining the more pretentious building, it occurred to me that I would step inside and see what a vigorous shaking would do toward removing a little of the clay from my coat. The garment was bad enough, in its natural state, I thought angrily, as I took it off and gave it a vigorous flourish, which sent the case I had forgotten out upon the boards at my feet with a startling crash.

In an instant I had forgotten clay and coat, as I stood with the garment clutched in my hands staring at what lay before me. The case had burst, and there upon the sooty floor, blinking at me through the musty darkness of the place, lay a goodly sized fortune embodied in a collection of diamond jewelry of old-fashioned make.

There was no need now to look further for the explanation of what had happened to me the night before, and what might still happen. Enough of wealth was represented by those glittering stones to tempt cupidity into desperate efforts to gain possession of them.

In my bewilderment I made no move to pick them up, but stood stupidly staring at them as at something with which I had no connection, when two sounds, widely varying in their volume, struck upon my hearing, each bearing its message of stern importance to my mind. The one was the shrill whistle of an approaching train, the other, the stealthy footsteps of some one creeping upon me from behind.

Yes, the train was coming, the train which was to carry me and the helpless girl in my charge away from this wild scene back to friends and safety, and I was not at my post to signal it. On rushed the train with warning shrieks, before me lay Miss Manning's wealth, and behind me came that stealthy, creeping step.

Even before I turned, I knew what its was that I should see. One of our pursuers had been set to guard this spot. It was the jeering creature who had acted as my valet the night before, and he laughed in my face as I whirled about.

"Go catch your train, Mister," he whispered. "I'll take care of all this plunder. The agent's gone to chase his horses. I managed to let 'em loose."

I was trapped. All of our trials had been in vain. Yonder in the wretched apology for a waitingroom was Miss Manning, trusting all to me—the train was almost upon us—soon it would have passed, and I stood staring down the muzzle of a loaded revolver held dangerously near my head.

Perhaps it was bravery, more likely it was merely folly, but for myself, I count it merely a burst of savage rage which swept through me at that moment. I have a fair pair of lungs, and with those I raised a shouted for Miss Manning, which matched the shriek of the oncoming train.

"The flag, the flag! Flag the train!" I cried, and in my excitement and anger I cried it again and again, while my arm shot out, struck, and drove upwards the revolver leveled at my head.

In a flash the report of it and the smoke added to the confusion, while I, blinded to all save my consuming rage, fell prone upon the creature who had mocked me, and we fought, he breathing forth oaths such as I had never heard before, and I venting my thirst for vengeance in dealing out blows which now and then introduced a roar of pain into his blasphemous chorus. How long we fought I do not know, but, even as I felt the man wilt beneath a blow upon the most vital portion of his skull, men came rushing in upon us, and I was aware that the place was filled with steam. By Heaven's providence, somehow, the train had been stopped. I had no need of help with my man, though.

Was that white blur the face of Miss Manning bending over me? The sight brought me back to the civilized instincts of humanity which had been temporarily merged in a greed of the blood of the man now lying passive beneath my grasp.

"The jewels!" I whispered, with panting breath. "Drop your dress across them. For Heaven's sake, pick them up!"

In the meanwhile the man and I were being pulled apart. I rather guess they thought him done for, and their delighted interest in the seeming ghastliness of their find caused them to overlook the glitter of crystal splendor lying almost beneath their feet.

I was afraid to think how I must look when I was finally detached from my late combatant. If his appearance was any guide to mine, I wonder yet at the glorious pity and—well, it looked like admiration—which shone in the eyes of Miss Manning as she came toward me holding carelessly her battered case.

"Oh, you are bruised, you are bleeding!" she whispered, close to my shoulder, in a tone of such sweet compassion that I blessed every drop of blood and every inch of misused cuticle which had brought me such rich reward.

"Oh, that is nothing!" I murmured in modest deprecation, while I was at heart willing that she should grossly overrate every move I had made in her service. "I was sorry to have you mixed up in such a mess. And you did the wigwagging to stop the train. What a shame it was!"

At this point, one of the train men exclaimed, disgustedly, "The fellow isn't

(Continued on page seventeen.)

The Doge's Daughter;

Or, THE VAMPIRE OF VENICE By T. C. HARBAUGH

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE WIT OF COSMO.

BEPPO, the dwarf, was thrilled to his innermost nerve when he found himself thrust into the menagerie kept by Duke Sforza, but he did not lose his head for an instant. If Leeza thought she had finished the boy little man by her trickery, she reckoned without her host, for no sooner had the dwarf seen the crouching beasts than he whirled and bolted for the door. He was there before the white-faced girl could close it, and the next second was back in the corridor. He slammed the portal behind him and darted at the Duke's maid.

She seemed paralyzed by Beppo's action. He came down upon her like a leaping leopard, seized her in his claw-like hands, dragging her breathless toward the door, and grinning, pushed her in among the animals. Another moment he was flying down the hall, searching for a door which might lead him to Vincent.

He had taken the precaution to rob Leeza of her keys, and, jingling them at his side, he laughed over his trick. As yet the palace had not been roused. Quick action was necessary and Beppo stopped at a small iron door which reminded him of those which led to the prisons of the ducal palace. He thrust the key into the lock, gave it a twist, and jerked the door open. A cry greeted him.

"You?" exclaimed Sylva's lover, who had seen Beppo but a short time before.

"Why not?" grinned the little bravo. "Iron walls cannot keep Beppo out."

"Good! You look it."

"We must get at once from this lion's den," cried the dwarf.

He guided Vincent, who still retained his sword which had been given him by Sforza, for the duel with the lion, and they went down the stately corridors, avoiding all guards and at length came out upon the banks of the Lagoon.

"I must hide you," the dwarf said, looking up into Vincent's face. "There is no better place than the ducal palace."

The young Englishman started.

"It is the den of the ducal lion," he said, with a smile.

"I know, signor. It is the last place where your enemies will look for you."

There was good reasoning in these words and they turned toward the great palace. It was a lofty and gorgeous room in which Vincent soon found himself. On every side he was greeted with the Doge's monogram, and everything voiced the splendor in which the Doges clothed themselves.

He was thrilled by the thought that the roof which sheltered him sheltered the Lady Sylva. Beppo told him that she had returned to the palace, and he longed to see her. He was in the midst of such reflections when the door opened and the treasure of his heart stood before him.

Sylva advanced with a glow on her cheeks and held out her hand.

"Welcome!" she exclaimed, as her eyes shone with the roseate light of love. "I welcome you to the palace of the Doges."

"But I compromise you," said Vincent.

"Love may compromise, but it cannot destroy," was the quick answer. "I trust you will be safe here."

It was a bewitching hour for the lovers. They held sweet converse as the moments waned, and at last Sylva withdrew.

"You shall not fight with the sword of Sforza," were her parting words. "That blade is accursed. I will get you a better."

She soon returned, and placed in his hands a beautiful weapon which she said was the pride of the ducal armory. Vincent took the sword and admired its Damascene steel, saw that it was flexible and strong, and girded it on with an admiring look at Sylva.

"I am resistless with your love and a blade like this!" he exclaimed. "It is a much better one than that with which I slew the Duke's lion. It will pierce armor with the right hand behind it——"

"Which you have," was the interruption, accompanied by a look of love.

The hours crept away, with Vincent for the first time a guest of the ducal palace. He could look out upon the lagoon teeming with gondola life and catch a sight of the opaline waters of the sunny Adriatic.

Once more night threw her pall over the capital of the Republic, but he remained at the casement, drinking in the wondrous beauty of the starry heavens and the panaroma which stretched beneath him. If he could have passed beyond the steps of one of the palaces, his mind would have been otherwise employed.

"Father, the man I love!"

"Tell me who did all this!" roared a handsome man, who confronted a girl whose face was white and who trembled from head to foot.

"It was a little wretch, a man who was all head and little body, but who had the strength of a dozen lions," was the reply.

"He robbed me of the Englishman."

"I dare say he did," answered Leeza. "I had much to think of when he threw me among the beasts, but the saints must have guarded me, for they crouched at my feet and licked my sandals."

"But they would have made a meal off the varlet!" flashed Sforza. "I cannot see how he got into the palace."

The girl shook her head.

"I did not see him till he came down the corridor like a lizard, and his eyes charmed me."

"But you fought, you say?"

"I fought and thought. I tried to net him with a lie, and tolled him to the beasts, but mercy! he was as quick as a cat. Before I could close the door, he had it open, and the next moment I was among the animals myself."

A deep frown settled over Sforza's face.

"It is infamous!" he cried. "I will flay this little demon alive, even if I have to drag him from the ducal palace."

"Beware master; he has claws like the eagle."

"If he has the claws of the eagle and the teeth of lions he shall not escape my vengeance!"

The Vampire of Venice sprang up and took two hasty turns about the chamber.

"Whither, think you, the hunchback took the Englishman?" he asked, pausing before the silent girl.

"It is all mystery to me," was the response. "I cannot tell you, my lord."

"Of course you cannot, girl. Go and calm your nerves, and thank the saint who preserved you from the teeth of my pets."

Glad to escape the mad eyes of her master, Leeza slunk away and hastened to her room. Sforza growled out his rage alone. He rang for a menial and lolled back in his chair.

"Cosmo," he cried, when the door opened; "we are without a prisoner. The Englishman has escaped us!"

Cosmo's look leaped into a stare, and his eyes bulged with excitement.

"What, my lord Duke—the Englishman escape from the palace?"

"Aye, and by the cutest trick ever played in Venice. The atom came and released the giant. The mouse gnawed loose the cords that held the lion."

Still Cosmo was incredulous.

"It must be a dream, my lord——"

"Would to the saints it were," broke in Sforza, stamping his foot, in his spleen. "Dost know a little man who has an Atlantean head on his misformed shoulders?"

"I know several such devils in the city."

"But the one I would find—that is the one I would have you know."

"There is such a being connected with the ducal palace," said Cosmo, reflecting. "He is called Beppo, and is the Lady Sylva's dwarf."

"What? The dwarf of the Doge's daughter?"

"Yea, my lord."

"You have seen him, Cosmo?"

"I have seen him over his wine in the cafe along the Lagoon."

"'Tis he!" exclaimed Sforza. "But how came he to smell out the prisoner I fished from the waters?"

"It is past me, but this Beppo is a wonderful person, and his dagger stings like a death viper."

"I care not for that. He knows whither he conducted the Englishman. He knows where my enemy is now in hiding."

"Of course this Beppo knows."

"Set your wits to work, Cosmo. You are a man of wonderful fertility of brain. What sort of wine do you drink?"

"I am partial to the vintage of Tuscany," smiled Cosmo.

"Ah, that is the wine which inspires the brain?" ejaculated Sforza. "Now, where do you think this Beppo would take Vincent, the Englishman?"

"The ducal palace has a thousand rooms, my lord."

"Think you Beppo would convey Vincent thither?"

"Would he not be safe there?"

Raphael Sforza sprang to his feet.

"I'll give you ten flagons of Tuscan vintage, Cosmo!" he cried, as his dark face glowed with pleasure.

CHAPTER XIV.

VINCENT TO THE RESCUE.

The great clock of St. Mark, which stood opposite the ducal palace, was tolling the hour of midnight. Marino Faliero, in his private chamber, raised his head and listened till the last stroke had ceased.

A youth, who had a face as beautiful as a girl's, lay asleep on a rich divan not far away. The Doge threw a glance in his direction, and smiled for a moment upon the innocence the features displayed.

All at once he pronounced the name of Vasqui in scarcely audible tones, but that instant the boy opened his eyes and bounded to his feet. He crossed over to his master's side and waited for commands.

"Go, boy," said the Doge, "to the little door at the foot of the grand staircase. I would see what messages my subjects are secretly sending me."

Little Vasqui departed immediately. He was not gone over ten minutes, when he returned and laid some letters on the table beside the Doge.

"You can go back to your slumbers," smiled Faliero, and the youth was soon curled up on the soft divan.

The Doge fell at once to an inspection of the letters which had been dropped into the receptacle which he had established for their reception. Suddenly his face paled, and with a half-uttered cry he bent nearer the sheet of paper he had just unfolded.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "My palace the retreat for this hated one? Nay, it cannot be," and then he read the letter once more, which ran as follows:

"To Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice:—Long live your sacred Serenity! It doth not look well for the ducal palace to harbor one who comes from that land which is the Republic's enemy. By whose grace hath the English dog, Leon Vincent, obtained lodgment in the palace of the great Doge?

"A LOVER OF VENICE."

Well might the face Marino Faliero lose color at sight of such words. Their meaning pierced his heart like a stiletto. The letter fell from his hands.

"The Englishman who has stolen my daughter's love within the ducal palace?" he cried, springing to his feet, whilst the youth on the divan started as though kicked into life. "I cannot believe and yet——"

He paused and caught up the letter again. It seemed as though he would tear it into tatters, but instead he read it with clinched teeth and blazing eye.

"This is infamy!" he went on, not noticing the statuesque boy on the leopard-skin rug. "She—the Lady Sylva—must be in the secret, if my correspondent has not lied."

He whirled upon the staring and breathless boy.

"To Lady Sylva's chambers!" he commanded, in a voice which almost sounded like a lion's roar. "Summon her hither immediately."

Vasqui made obeisance, and took his departure, while the Doge picked up another letter.

"This wretch warns me that the Ten is at work," he commented. "I am not afraid of the dark-robed tribunal. I can cope with it, but this Englishman first."

He cast the letter from him and waited. The door soon opened for Vasqui.

"The Lady Sylva is not in her chambers," he said, in low tones.

"Not even abed?" cried the Doge.

"The door is not locked, and I opened it. I could look into her bedchamber, but the couch was not occupied."

"Peste!" exclaimed Faliero. "Then they are together in the palace, if the letter does not lie."

He crossed the room and selected a sword from the sword rack. The boy saw him run his fingers along the shining blade from hilt to point!

"Tarry here, Vasqui," he said to the page. "This is a hunt not for your tender eyes."

Marino Faliero went straight to the apartments tenanted by his daughter. His face, no longer pale, was aflame with rage. The suppleness of youth seemed to have come back to his joints. The lion in his blood was gnawing its way to freedom. He flung wide the gilded portal with a curse. He bounded into the room, and darted into the bedchamber which confronted him. It was uninhabited, as Vasqui had reported. The Doge stopped like one who receives a shock.

"What part of the palace harbors them?" he cried. "Under what part of the palace roof do they make love, thinking I am asleep?"

Out he went once more, sword in hand. In the wide corridor he almost collided with a guard. The man uttered a cry.

"Asleep at your post?" hissed the Doge, placing the point of the sword at the varlet's breast.

The man protested that he had not slept for an instant.

"Where is the Lady Sylva?" roared Faliero. "Where does the English dog make forbidden love to her?"

"Pedrez knows not, your Serenity," stammered the white-faced sentry.

Faliero left him and raced to the head of the grand staircase. He had taken two steps downward, when he stopped short and leaned against the wall. Between him and the bottom were three dark figures. The keen eye of the great Doge saw them all. He seemed to realize in an instant that they were there for no good. The warning of the stiletto which had been buried in his portrait swept over him like a flash of light. The executioners of the Ten had come for him at last.

His dark hand gripped the sword anew. His pulses thrilled with leaping life, and he shut his teeth hard. He was not the first Doge to be hunted beyond the precincts of the ducal palace. Suddenly he bent forward and centered the three figures with his eyes.

"Cowards of the Black Tribunal!" he cried. "I am here!"

The men below stirred.

"Why do you not carry out the commands of the Ten?" continued Faliero. "The Lion of Venice is awake, and awake he will perish."

His challenge sent the assassins up the marble staircase. They rushed at the Doge with drawn swords, and he retreated, parrying with his strong arms, keeping his face towards the three. They forced him to the head of the staircase, and, backing down the corridor, he struck out with vengeful fertility, and his blade described such movements in the varlets' faces that they recoiled. But it was only for a moment.

Not until Faliero found himself hard pressed did he cry out, and not then till he had slipped on the polished floor, and, falling, had the three swords at his breast.

"Help! help!" rang out his voice. "Save the ruler of the Republic!"

The devils laughed. The next instant a door down the corridor was flung wide, and a man sprang forth into the garish light which revealed every spot of the corridor.

"Mercy! help!" cried the menaced Doge again.

The newcomer came down the space like a bounding lion. He went at the bravos as straight as an arrow from a Venetian bow. He spoke not, but standing over the prostrate Doge, he sent his sword into the bosom of one of the trio, and then hurled another halfway to the grand staircase. The third leaped at the man, but he ran through the next and placed hors du combat. Marino Faliero scrambled to his feet and picked up his sword.

"In time, my brave guard," he cried, turning to his deliverer. "The Republic owes you her thanks."

The man had sprung forward, and was looking down the steps where one of the bravos was in his death throes.

"You can handle a sword like a noble," commented the Doge, as the man came back. "What is your name, guard?"

The face of him who heard the query was crossed by a smile.

"I am not of the guard?" may it please your Serenity?" he answered.

"Not of the guard?" cried Faliero, leaning forward.

"Nay, I am Leon Vincent!"

The sword which the Doge held in his hand almost dropped from his grasp.

"The English——"

He paused and looked into Vincent's face. The other word seemed stifled on his lips.

"I heard your cry," explained Lady Sylva's lover. "I thought it meant peril, and I rushed forth at once."

"From my daughter's presence?"

"She can speak for herself."

A light footfall echoed behind the Doge, and he instantly turned.

"Father, the man I love!" said Lady Sylva, putting forth her hands. "This is Leon, the bravest man tonight in the Republic."

A scowl darkened the face of the great Doge. He took a step toward his daughter, but suddenly whirled on his heel, and, without a word, left the lovers on the blood-flecked floor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE OF THE CRIME.

It was now almost open warfare between Marino Faliero and the Ten. The dread, dark-robed Council had determined to rid the Republic of its Doge, who had incurred its hatred, and no less a person than Raphael Sforza had secretly been chosen as successor.

Thanks to Vincent, the attack on the Doge had failed, but that dignitary would not bend to thank him when he learned his identity. The young English gallant was still in the lion's mouth, having nothing but a strong arm, a clear brain, and a good blade.

Sforza, pacing the floor of his handsome chamber, was interrupted by Cosmo, who came to tell him that the assault on the Doge had failed, and all because Vincent had interposed. He at once flew into a fury. The Vampire of Venice knew that as long as his rival was free, he could not hope to carry out his designs against both the Republic and Lady Sylva.

The great Doge shut himself up in his private apartments and raged like a wild beast. It galled him to think that Vincent was beneath the roof of the ducal palace. He thought not of the service he had just performed, but only of his hatred for anything English. He would have given his daughter to the lowest bravo in Venice sooner than see her Leon's bride, and, despite the blades of the Ten that menaced him he set about to rid himself of his child's lover.

Meantime the lovers were not idle. The cunning Beppo ferreted out the Doge's plans and reported them to Vincent and Sylva.

"I will no longer compromise you, love," said the young Briton. "I will not strengthen your father's hatred by remaining within the palace. I am not afraid to face my enemies, one of whom is Sforza. God gave me a strong arm, and you have invested me with a weapon which is of the best. I will go!"

"But you must not!" cried Sylva, stretching forth her hands. "I will risk your stay here."

"Nay it cannot be. I will not remain."

"But, Leon——"

He gently but firmly pushed her away, and went to the door.

"They may even now be lying in wait for you in the corridors of the palace!" she exclaimed.

Vincent looked at his sword and smiled.

"I have encountered lions before now," said he.

"But not the lions of Venice, the human lions, I mean."

"Did I not tumble two of them headlong down the staircase when they fell upon the Doge?"

"But there will be many now," was the reply, in appealing voice.

He was resolute.

"I will go with you?" exclaimed Sylva. "I will share your fortune whatever they be."

"No, sweetheart," and Vincent took the beautiful girl to his heart and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. "When I have conquered I will come for you."

"But that time may never be."

"Love finds its goal. The doom which has been set against me shall be averted, and then a sunshine brighter than that which falls upon the Adriatic shall halo our lives."

Sylva felt upon her brow his farewell kiss, and saw him step into the corridor.

"You shall not go down the grand staircase alone," cried she. "I will be your guard and guide."

He smiled at her adoration, and together they slipped away and Slyva opened the brazen door which led to the banks of the Lagoon. The whole heavens looked like a vast diamond field, for the stars showered their light everywhere, and a breeze rippled the surface of the Grand Canal. On the lower step Vincent kissed her again, then released her with a whispered word of parting and sprang away. She watched him with a prayer on her lips till his figure had vanished, and then went slowly up the marble steps.

Vincent found himself once more free in Venice. No door shut him from the free air, and he felt his blood course through his veins as he hastened on. He well knew that he would have the spies of the Ten upon his trail. Not only this, but Marino Faliero would send after him men equally as keen and desperate, and, beside Sylva and Beppo, he had not a friend under the yellow flag of the Republic.

His first thought was of the house with the little iron door in which he had once hidden, but he remembered that it was no longer safe.

Disappearing, he at length turned up in a dark quarter of the city. Not for a moment had he released the hilt of his sword. A footstep sounded behind him, and he dropped into the area to wait for the unseen one to come up. In a few seconds a figure stole into view, and Vincent saw a giant armed with dagger and sword. A cloak was thrown over one arm, but Vincent saw that it was not the left arm. In the other hand was clutched a stiletto, and the fox-like eyes of the bravo were searching for him.

When the man came up, Vincent lunged forward, and the cry which followed his thrust was stifled by the dart of death. The bravo fell in a heap at his feet, and the Englishman, bounded away.

An hour later he stood on the steps of what appeared to be an untenanted house, and looked around him. The city was not asleep. Near him gondolas were darting hither and thither through the waters of the Lagoon, and he heard the merry voices of their occupants.

Something suddenly stirred almost at his very feet. Vincent looked down and beheld a pair of gleaming eyes set in a huge, ungainly head. He took a step toward the apparition. It sprang upon its feet, and he recognized Beppo.

"I am here, master," said the dwarf.

"Who sent you?"

"Who but the Lady Sylva?" grinned Beppo.

"I need no assistance!" cried Vincent, sternly. "Tell her that Vincent is able to cope with his foes."

Beppo did not reply.

"You will tell her, Beppo?" persisted Vincent.

"I obey my mistress. I am to remain with you."

Sylva's lover bit his lips. Stronger than he had ever believed was the love of this beautiful Venetian. He was the only man whose love she had ever enshrined within her heart, and she was worth fighting for. He looked at the immovable Beppo and went down to him.

"What would you do?" he asked.

"Has my master tried the door behind him?"

"I had not thought of that."

"Why not? it is the House of the Crime!"

"What crime?"

"Years ago the body of the great Duke Albini was found in one of the upper rooms."

"I had never heard that."

"The deed is not forgotten in Venice. The Duke perished, it is thought, at the hands of the Duchess, who afterward destroyed herself with the mysterious white poison of Naples. Her spirit haunts the house to this day."

"And no one inhabits it?"

"No one, they say, has ever crossed its threshold from that day to this."

"Then it promises a good asylum," cried Vincent.

There was no answer. Sylva's lover went up the steps and tried the door. It swung inward, and he entered. Beppo followed tremblingly after him.

"I will tell my mistress now that you are safe," he said, looking at Vincent. "Look out for the White Duchess, master," and with this Beppo glided away.

The young Englishman passed into the large room before him, and saw by the brilliant starlight which flecked the polished floor that it was a gorgeous chamber. Nothing therein seemed to have been disturbed since the tragedy of which the dwarf had spoken. There was the dust of years on the rich furnishings, dust upon the portraits that adorned the walls, and when he passed into the great gallery, he paused and gazed at its display of art.

The vista of the gallery seemed unending. There was a weird dimness about it which suggested the abode of disembodied spirits, and Vincent involuntarily laid his hand upon his weapon. Suddenly it seemed to him that a door at the farther end of the gallery was slowly opening. He felt a thrill course through his frame, and when the next moment he perceived a figure in the strange light, he bounded forward, but paused with a startled cry.

There was something there. He saw it grow into human shape, a figure arrayed in white, with the long handsome gown of a lady of the past century. As Vincent stared at this apparition, he saw a hand steal forth from beneath the ghostly robes and place a phial to the ashen lips. He gave vent to a cry of remonstrance, darted on again, and brought up against a solid door.

The White Duchess was gone!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LIVING DEAD.

The apparition, if apparition it was—or was it but a phantasm of Vincent's brain?—had vanished like a vapor. He stood at the bolted door for a moment, with feelings that cannot be described. He felt like laughing at himself, but another feeling took possession of him, and he left the gallery.

In an adjoining apartment was a window which he approached. He beheld from it a splendid palace which had no duplicate in the whole city. It stood on the beach like a fairy dream structure, its beautiful front filling Vincent's soul with admiration. It was really near, and he was amazed that he had not noticed it when he approached the House of the Crime.

Suddenly a door back of a balcony opened, and the young Englishman saw a figure step into the light. Had this figure been of human contour in every outline, Vincent would not have started. It was tall, like a man, yet it was vampirish. He could perceive the bat-like head, which set upon the shoulders, the folded wings that rested at the apparition's sides, and he fancied that the little eyes behind the grayish skin were visible.

The thought rushed across his mind that this creature was the Vampire of Venice, of whom Sylva had spoken. And he must be looking at the man-bat's abode. All at once the wings rose and spread out on either side. Vincent's curiosity deepened.

If ever he longed for a good English bow, it was then. Had he possessed one, a shaft would have bridged the space between him and the vampire, and Venice would have been rid of one monster.

Vincent was certain he had not been seen. Yet the thing was looking straight toward the House of the Crime, and he involuntarily drew back and continued to gaze at the bat. The creature vanished almost as suddenly as it had sprung into existence, and Sylva's lover turned away.

"I'll make sure that this house does not harbor flesh or spirit," he said to himself. "If Beppo's story is true, I have seen the White Duchess."

He went from room to room, sword in hand. The house was larger than he at first supposed, the apartments were many, and all fitted up in luxury. Surely the place at one time had been the abode of a noble, and at last Vincent opened the door of a room as yet uninspected.

A table stood in the middle of the floor. He approached it and suddenly recoiled. Before him lay a lady's glove and a subtle perfume was wafted to his nostrils from the delicate thing. Beside it was a small beauty mirror, such as had been used years before, and across its silver handle was a stiletto, lying as though it had recently been placed there, for there was no dust upon any of these things.

Leon suddenly looked up, as though he expected to see the fair owner of the trifles. She would come to demand why he had invaded her retreat. But no sound reached his ears, and he at last turned away. After all, the house had been unoccupied for many years, but still a doubt rested on his mind.

Shadows seemed to deepen in the house. Vincent paused before a mirror and surveyed his face in the waning light. It was pale, as he had imagined. He had seen enough to drive the hue of life from his cheeks.

A cry resounded from his lips as he fell back. There was another face in the mirror besides his own. It was that of a beautiful woman, a face once seen never to be forgotten. Vincent saw that it was drawn, as if from fear or suffering, and he noted that it was the face of a lady in her prime, but like the faces he had seen on the canvases of the painters of the last century.

For him to turn was the act of an instant. He bounded across the room, as the vision vanished, and jerked open the door. A figure fled before him. He pursued, flushed with eagerness but speechless, and as the figure was about to dart into a new corridor, he put out his hand and grasped an arm.

"Who art thou?" demanded Vincent, as he whirled his prisoner about. "Thou art flesh and blood——"

"I am the living dead!"

"No, there is no such thing," smiled Vincent, still retaining his hold. "You are of the earth, earthy; if you are the White Duchess——"

He was interrupted by a feminine shriek.

"Come into the starlight by the window," continued Vincent. "I would have a good look at your face."

He did not wait for his captive to refuse to obey, but dragged her forward.

"Who are you?" demanded the lips that suddenly parted again in his presence.

"If you would know, I am Leon Vincent."

"Not Venetian?"

"Nay, I am English."

"In the service of the Republic?"

"I am in the service of no one save——"

The name of the Doge's daughter trembled on his tongue, but he suppressed it.

"Now be as fair with me," he said. "Who art thou?"

"I am the Duchess Sforza!"

Vincent nearly lost breath at the name.

"Not the wife of Raphael Sforza?" he almost gasped.

"Yea, signor."

"It is said he has no wife."

"He thinks he has not," was the enigmatical reply. "I have been carried to the Lagoon in the Black Gondola. I was tossed to the fishes by Sforza's menials, and the wonder is I was not daggered before they consigned me to the deep. Behold me, Signor." She stepped back and drew her figure to its true height. "You are looking into the eyes of Bianca, the Duchess of Sforza."

"And he, as you say, is not aware of your existence?" stammered Vincent.

"It is true, signor. He imagines that I am at the bottom of the Lagoon. Some day the stiletto of the wronged wife will find the heart of her recreant lord."

"If he should discover that you still live——"

"All the devilish arts at his command would strive to make an end of me!" interrupted the woman. "I have watched him a thousand times from this retreat. I have seen him come and go in his gondola. I have seen the man-bat, the Vampire of Venice, come forth upon his balcony and look toward this house. But he dreams not that I am here. What better retreat could I find than the home of the White Duchess?"

She laughed musically at the conclusion of her words, and looked into Vincent's face.

"What brought you hither?" she abruptly asked. "You have not told me, signor."

"For the present I'm hiding, like yourself," answered Vincent. "I will soon have enemies upon my track. The minions of the Doge will seek me, and if Raphael Sforza knew I was here, he, too, would send his bravos for me."

"But why should they seek you?"

"I am wanted because I love the most beautiful creature in Venice."

"There are many beautiful women in the Republic."

"Yourself among the number Duchess," gallantly answered Vincent. "I love the Lady Sylva——"

"Ah, the daughter of the great Doge!"

"Yes, Duchess."

"And you a foreigner! I know Marino Faliero. He hates your people. An Englishman once gave him affront, since then he has had no love for your kind."

"I have never heard of the affront."

"We ought to be safe here," said the woman, after a little silence. "Come, signor, let me show you."

She turned toward the door, and Vincent, pulsating with curiosity, trod after her. They passed to a flight of steps which led downward. The woman led Vincent to the lower part of the strange house, where she opened a door which

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

One of the singers at the Three Moons.

OUT WEST STORIES

THE SWEDISH KNOT

By James C. Threlfall.

SAMMIE—that—is—the—man!"

There were but the five words, and yet compressed into their terseness was an accumulation of hate and shame and suffering and remorse.

They came from the woman's lips like knife-thrusts, and with a force that would have startled the man on the stage from his suave good humor, as he bowed to the audience, had he heard them, or had he seen the woman who uttered them where she sat in the shadow of the box-curtains in the box nearest the right-hand side of the stage.

There were but the five words, and yet they were sufficient to cause the man who shared the box with the woman to reach subconsciously to his holster, and he would have risen to his feet had not the woman gained control of herself and laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Not that, Sammie," she said. "Nothing like that, Boy!"

"He ain't no human!" said Sam, the Swede. "He'd ought to die."

Sam was the shift-boss at the Highland Mary Mine on Mount Sultan, and the woman at his side was his wife. As the crowd assembled in the Ironton Opera House knew, she had been up to a few months previous one of the singers at the Three Moons Dance-hall.

In the midst of the glare and the hollow mirth and the real shame and degradation incident to such a place as the Three Moons, the two had met, and such is the wonder of the drama of life as it is sometimes played out on this planet of ours, each had proved the better for the association, the woman had given up her life at the dance-hall and later they had been married.

She hadn't been such a very bad woman, anyway, for such a very long time. She had come over to this country, fresh and ignorant, from her Swedish home, and being pretty, had fallen into the hands of a man who had taken advantage of her ignorance and trust, and who had betrayed her confidence and left her.

After that, nothing had mattered until she met Sam.

The fresh bloom that Sweden confers as a birthright to her daughters had begun to mantle her cheeks again, and there lurked in her soft gray eyes a dog-like trustfulness in the man who had made possible the change in her outlook on life.

Ironton, just because it was a frontier mining town, where not all of the leading citizens or citizenesses invite the most systematic scrutiny into their pasts, had tolerated the two, after their marriage, with that larger charity prevalent to such places.

When she had told Sam of the man who had played the prime part in the story of her degradation, a few days before their marriage, he had prayed Heaven that he might some day meet him, and here he was, so does it please Heaven (or the other place) seemingly to answer such prayers. Here he was, grimacing and smirking, preparatory to his exhibition in the part of Hugo, the Handcuff King.

When Christina knew him, he had been an usher in a theater. Now he had blossomed into a traveling prestidigitator and sleight-of-hand man. He looked out on his audience of muckers and miners and millmen and gamblers, and now and then a woman—but there were few women as yet in Ironton—and made his bow and proceeded with his performance.

His handcuff act was his specialty, and so he hurried through with his other acts, dropping the usual eggs into the usual silk hat, and bringing out in their stead the usual white rabbits. He broke up the usual gold watch into a mass of scrap and springs, shooting it into a canary bird-cage, from which he recovered it in its original form. There were a number of small tricks that followed.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, as the applause died away at the end of his last act, "we come to the crowning feature of the entertainment. Will four members of the audience come forward—four well-known citizens competent to act as judges of this auspicious occasion?"

Sam, the Swede, was the first to rise. His wife again laid a restraining hand on his shoulder, but he spoke sharply to her, brushed her hand roughly from his shoulder, walked forward to the edge of the box, and stepped over the railing onto the stage.

Eight or ten men rose, anxious to figure in the public eye, but all but three sat down, and the latter joined Sam, by a more circuitous route, on the stage. These three consisted of Blancheon, the bartender at the M. & O., the landlord of the Hotel of All Nations, and Joe Tuthill, the gambler.

"First, gentlemen," the showman said, after he had shaken hands effusively with the four, "I will ask you to examine this chair." They did so. It was only an ordinary chair, with a somewhat high back and head-rest.

"Next I will ask you to examine these handcuffs." One of them clicked the handcuffs shut, they could not be opened again until Hugh's attendant had provided a key.

"I will ask you to examine these pieces of rope," and he handed them a half-dozen sections of quarter-inch rope. "Look carefully for false strands or slipknots."

The judges examined them inch by inch. There was nothing to show that they were different from any rope that might be bought from any supply house.

"Are you all satisfied, gentlemen?" he asked. They nodded.

Hugo sat down, and his attendant brought forward a light Japanese screen in readiness to place in front of him when the judges should have completed their work of tying him. One of the judges tapped the flooring about the chair to see that there were no trapdoors or loose planks that would admit of assistance from beneath.

"No false panels there?" inquired Hugo.

Blancheon, the bartender, shook his head.

"Which of you gentleman will fasten my back to the chair?" Hugo asked. Sam took the section of rope silently, and took his place at the rear of the chair. "I'll ask you to wait until the others have finished," Hugo added.

The other judges proceeded to lash his feet, his legs, his arms securely to the chair, and he nodded to Sam, the Swede, to proceed with his part.

Sam seemed to have trouble getting his rope in just the right shape. He brought one section tightly around the man's waist just below the armpits. While he adjusted the other section around the man's throat and to the head-rest the three judges walked over to one side to the seats provided for them and sat down.

The attendant set the screen in front of the Handcuff King, and he, too, sat down. Hugo's feet could be seen below the screen, and the head of Sam, the Swede, just above it, as he still manipulated the rope.

"Tie him tight, Sammie," one of the audience cried.

"I'll try to," the latter replied, and he, too, sat down with the others.

He had scarcely taken his seat, when there was a businesslike rattle and the handcuffs fell to the floor, where they could be seen by the audience, who applauded vigorously.

They waited expectantly for an instant, but there were no further developments. Since there were none, they proceeded to talk about the latest strike over in the Midsummer diggings.

Blancheon passed around cigars to his confreres, and they puffed contentedly, with their eyes directed toward the screen. The attendant shuffled in his chair. "He's longer tonight than usual," he said. "That last knot you gave him must have been a stunner," he said to Sam.

"It was one I learnt in Sweden," the latter replied.

The woman in the box rose as if to come forward. Sam looked her full in the face and she sat down again. The wind howled dismally down the canyon and shook the loose panes in the windows. Still nothing doing behind the screen. The audience fidgeted in their seats, and a baby began to cry dismally.

"Give the king a knife," some one called from the gallery.

"Perhaps it would be as well for the judges to see if there is anything the matter," said the attendant, in a troubled tone of voice. "Mr. Hugo!" he called.

There was no reply.

An involuntary shudder passed through the audience. The four judges rose to their feet and walked over to where the showman sat. Blancheon was in the lead, and as he stepped behind the screen an exclamation of horror broke from his lips, and he threw the screen to one side.

The man in the chair sat with his feet and his hands free. The former were stretched out straight in front of him in a convulsive effort to kick over the screen, and his hands were clutched beneath the rope which bound his neck to the back of the chair.

He stepped over the railing onto the stage.

The "knot which Sam had learned to tie in Sweden" had but drawn the tighter, the more he had tugged at it. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and when Blancheon took his hands they were as cold as ice.

The woman in the box cried out, "My God, he's dead!"

"She must have had a very tender heart to put so much of it in a cry for a stranger," said some one in the audience.

* * *

MOTHERS

Look, mother sheep in the pasture,
Look, mother bird on your nest—
Rose mother, with your roses,
See the child that is on my breast!
Oh, mother earth, with your children—
Cattle and corn and vine—
Rich were you in your fullness,
And naught was there ever of mine!
I envied you, bird, your nestlings,
I envied you, tree, your leaves;
Oh, cornfield in the valley,
I was woe for your golden sheaves!
But now I may walk among you,
A mother along with the rest,
Be glad with me, my neighbors,
For the child that is on my breast!

Wanted--A Button.

The outbound car was only about half full, and every passenger could see anything that was going on in any part of it. Near the front sat a woman gowned in black. Half a dozen squares from Washington street there entered one of those well-meaning busybodies whose efforts at doing favors often go awry and make things worse than they were to begin with.

She sat down immediately behind the woman in black, and before the car was fairly under way she noticed that the woman in front of her was gaping between the shoulders. She leaned over officiously to fasten it. Her fingers fumbling about the garment, of course, attracted the attention of the wearer, who looked around and then smiled in a way that was evidently intended to convey a feeling of appreciation. The car moved on, and the busy passenger still fumbled at the gaping waist. Soon all the people in the car were watching her. Still she fumbled.

The wearer of the waist tried to tell her to let it go as it was, but the busy one heeded her not. In desperation the victim rang the bell, and as she rose to leave the car the interested passengers saw that the reason the busy woman could not mend the fault was that the wearer of the waist had neglected, before she left home, to supply the button that was missing.

* * *

Worse and Worse.

"Did you ever notice," said Walter Grimes, "how a fellow, when he once gets 'balled up' and says the wrong thing, has a tendency to get in deeper and deeper?

"A friend was just telling me of his experience in attending a reception in Indianapolis some time ago. During the progress of the function an elaborately gowned woman sang for the guests. Her voice wasn't anything to brag on, and my friend, who is very plain spoken, turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his right and asked in a low voice: 'Who was that old hen who has just squawked for us?'

"'That,' replied the man addressed, 'is my wife.'

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Or, RUTH HOLME'S STRUGGLE

By Alfred B. Tozer

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Begun in No. 12, March 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ACT NOT ON THE BILLS.

HOYT is a smoky little town at best, but on this December day the moisture from the sodden snow had risen into a fog, and the smoke and grime of the iron mills mixed with the fog and offended the eyes, the ears, and the nostrils.

The "Only Girl" combination was to give its initial performance there, and the company, weary and heavy-eyed, had reached the town at an early hour in the morning. Jennie and Jean, the two girls who were in the friendly conspiracy to keep Ruth Holme out of the hands of the officers of the law, were conveyed in a rattling old 'bus to a second-class hotel and given a second-class room. The star and leading members of the troupe were sent to a fine hotel near the theater building.

"The head man," Jennie exclaimed, sitting in the half-warmed waitingroom of the Alden House, "ought to try a trip ahead of a hearse. That's about where he'd make a hit. The nerve of him! To put us girls in a dump like this!"

"It's about four per in the up-town plant," Jean suggested. "What time did he say first rehearsal was called?"

"Ten o'clock," Jennie replied, with a yawn. "Dollars to 'taters that the house will be stone cold. Always is in these bush towns. Nice chance to carry the burg by storm—making up in a cold room. Fat lot I care whether there's a ticket sold or not!"

"Well," Jean interrupted, "we may as well be going to the theater. It can't be much colder there than it is here. Say, Kiddo," she added, turning to Ruth, who sat, shivering with the chill of the place, over a dusty register, "you'd better hike up to the room and bundle up in bed. You're as blue as bruises. We'll be back in time for luncheon. You keep out of sight until we come."

Ruth followed instruction implicitly, and the two rather slangily but good-hearted girls went away to a frigid theater, where they rehearsed until twelve o'clock, and were chided and bedeviled according to the best traditions of the stage.

"That Allen person," Jennie expressed herself to Jean on the way back to the hotel, "ought to paint himself on the back drop an' stay off the stage, personally. That would help the box office for the second performance, all right."

"It's his show," Jean laughed back, "and he's putting up the money, so he'll be in the limelight more than some. Let him strut! It is costing him coin, all right."

When they return to the room which they shared with Ruth, they found the girl asleep, worn out with anxiety and the long all-night ride. Jean advanced to the bed to awaken her, but Jennie held her back.

"Aw, let her snooze," she said. "She ain't worryin' when she's got her gray matter banked. You can tell her about it later on."

"I'm afraid," Jean said.

"Afraid of what?" the other asked. "There won't nobody bite the kid's head off. She won't have no lines. Just has to walk on the stage a few times with the push."

"I'm afraid she won't like it," Jean replied.

"Then she don't have to do it," answered the other. "An' I don't get no mad at her, either."

Ruth, who had heard the last sentences, now opened her eyes and smiled wearily up at the honest faces bent over her.

"What is it?" she asked. "If it's anything I can do to assist you, why—"

"Look here, Kiddo," Jennie said, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and taking the girl's hand, "I'm ashamed of myself, but I've promised, an' the only thing to do is to put it up to you. You don't have to play if you don't like the game."

"I'll be glad to help in any way I can," Ruth answered, throwing the bedclothes aside and sitting up with Jennie. "I can't be dependent on you very long," she added, with a faint smile which ended in a flush of humiliation.

"You're all right, Kiddo," Jennie hastened to say, stroking her hair gently, "but you won't be loved by this team of trained actoresses if you talk that way. You're as welcome as the flowers in May to anything we've got."

"Why don't you tell her?" asked Jean. "Your lines are too talky."

"Well, Kiddo," Jennie went on, "there's one of the girls got a swellin' on a foot this mornin', an' she can't walk. That make a vacancy in the groupin' on the stage. See? Oh, you don't have a line to say," she hurried to remark, as Ruth shrank away from her. "I thought you'd like to boost this bum amateur show by puttin' on the makeup an' helpin' to shape the groups. There's four star figures, an' four wives, an' this sick one makes a hole in 'em all. Understand? It's like this: You come on out of l. u. e. an' stand there, like where that chair is, an' the others form around you. See? Then when we get the cue, we spin over there, like where that dirty table is, an' shape like ring-round-rosy."

"But can I do it?" asked Ruth. "I know I'll be awfully scared. But I'll try if you think I'll answer."

"Of course," Jean said. "You can't miss. Resides, Jeannie and I will be there to grab you if you miss the formation. Of course, you'll have to be made up so no one in front will see your face as you look now."

So it was arranged that Ruth should make her first appearance on the stage that evening, there being no matinee performance. The point settled, and Ruth given further directions, the three went down to a dank, chilly dining-room and partook of a most villainously cooked meal. The whole atmosphere of the hotel, the dining room, the sitingroom, the sleepingroom, was depressing in the extreme, and Ruth was not sorry to get away to the theater for rehearsal in the afternoon.

When the three girls left the hotel to go to the theater Jean saw the man who had appeared at their room on the night of their departure, and who had been seen at various stations along the line during the journey, watching from the opposite side of the street. She nudged Jennie to attract her attention to the fellow, but said nothing to Ruth of the incident.

The plain clothes man followed them down the street, crossed over to the theater a block above them, and stood lounging near the stage door when they entered. He made no move to accost them, but when they stood among the scenery a moment later, they saw that he was in the shadow under the first gallery.

This convinced the girls that the man—Mike Schobey, Nellie had called him—had already made his business there known to the manager of the opera house, and had gained permission to sleuth upon his prospective prisoner from the auditorium. The matter seemed to be getting more serious every hour, and the two girls repented of having brought Ruth out of the hotel.

The star, also the owner and manager of the "Only Girl" combination, was half an hour late, and twenty girls waited on the cold stage while searching their vocabularies for appropriate names to bestow upon him. At last he appeared, well wrapped in a fur coat, and began whipping the chorus into shape. At the first formation he caught sight of the new face in the ranks. All through the rehearsal he followed her with admiring eyes, and when the girls were dismissed he stepped up to her. Ruth attempted to draw away from him, but he put out a detaining hand.

"You're a new one," he said, in a familiar tone. "Where did you come from?"

Jean and Jennie saw how frightened Ruth was, and stepped forward, crowding in between Allen and the shrinking girl.

"She's our sister," Jennie said, "an' we're goin' to let her go on until you get another chorus lady. I promised the stage manager."

"Thank you," Allen said, smiling at the speaker. "It is kind of you. Can your sister sing, or—or— dance?"

Jennie shook her head laughingly.

"Never saw a stage before today," she answered. "She'll have to be led through the part. She's a 'fraid kiddo."

"Is that so, Little Goldie?" asked the star, turning to Ruth. "A girl with a face like yours ought to be in the center of the stage most of the time."

"That's not her name, sir," Jean said, angrily.

"That name suits me well enough," said Allen. "She's a little Goldie, all right. Did you ever see such hair?"

"Cut it!" Jennie exclaimed.

"Cut the hair?" laughed Allen, "not if I catch any one at it. "Say, Goldie," he went on, "your act wasn't at all bad this afternoon, but if you'll come out to supper with me tonight I'll show you how to improve it. If you show an aptitude for the profession, I'll put you on the payroll."

Ruth looked inquiringly at her two friends. She shrank away from the man, as he drew nearer to her, with a feeling of utter repugnance, but she did not know but Jean and Jennie were to be invited to dinner with her.

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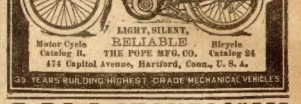

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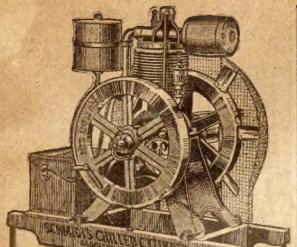

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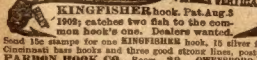

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"What do you say, Goldie?" Allen asked.

"If my sisters go, too," Ruth finally managed to say.

Allen eyed Jean and Jennie angrily. He had observed a questioning look Ruth had passed to them, and had no doubt that they had signaled instructions to her.

"They can come some other time," he said, motioning for the two to take their departure. "I'll go right now and call a cab, if there is such a thing in this blooming town. Wait for me at the stage door."

"I prefer not to go," Ruth said, quietly.

"What's that?" demanded Allen, speaking to the two actresses rather than to Ruth.

Jennie advanced and stood between the two, her arm thrown protectingly around Ruth's shoulders. Her eyes blazed angrily, and her right hand was clenched into a quite formidable fist. Allen smiled as he noted the passion in the girl's face and the attitude.

The girls were far away from home and no salaries had been paid as yet, so he concluded that the would not dare oppose his proposed acquaintance with their alleged sister, even if they were honest in the wish to keep her away form him, which he did not believe. Also, he did not believe the assertion made by Jennie that the three girls

"She doesn't go to dinner with you. See!"

were sisters. There was no possible family resemblance between them. Another thing, he saw in the opposition of Jennie and Jean only a bluff to secure for their friend as large a salary as possible.

"Aw, cut it out!" Jennie said, as Allen glared angrily at her. "Cut it out, you baby stealer! She doesn't go to dinner with you. See? She doesn't go on in the formation tonight, either. Get that?"

"You're frank enough in your talk," Allen observed, with an ugly laugh. "You ought to be playing Maggie Malley in the 'Bowery Kid.' Fade away, now! I'll take care of Little Goldie."

He advanced toward Ruth as he spoke, but Jennie pushed him rudely back. He stopped and glared at her.

"You'll be out of a job in a minute," he said. "Fade away! The walking isn't good to the home town. Come on, Goldie. I don't believe you want to be the cause of your—your sisters losing their jobs out here in the woods!"

Other members of the company, gathered at the back of the stage and in the wings, looked on with a subdued half interest. Such scenes were not entirely new to them. When Allen suggested discharging Jennie, they gave the matter their whole attention, however.

Allen did not wait for an answer to his question, but stepped forward and tried to take Ruth by the arm. He would have done so, only a hard palm struck him across the cheek, a nervous hand clutched at his neatly parted hair, and his silk hat went rolling and tilting down into the orchestra.

In a moment there was confusion on the stage, and the other members of the troupe rushed forward to the assistance of the star. It was full time they did so, for, enraged almost to insanity by the insolent words and manner of the star, and, realizing that she had now gone too far to retreat, Jennie was giving him what the actors termed a good beating up.

Presently Allen was hauled away, collarless, his shirt torn into strings, his coat wrenched at the seams, his hair badly mussed, his face showing his marks of fingernails. Jennie threw herself down into a chair and grinned at the stage manager as he stood threateningly over her.

"Keep away," she said, quietly, but with a hostility in her tone which warned him against closer approach. "If you'll let me at that beast again I'll be proud an' happy to walk every step of the way home. Oh, you cur!" she cried, rising and facing Allen, who was engaged in wiping the blood from his face. "You can't fire me, or Jean, because we quit right now. You can go on with your rotten company without us. If you set up as a freak, you may get a house that will pay for the gas. Ugh! Get out of my way, or I'll hand you another one for luck."

The manager hastily stepped aside, and Allen retreated to the upper entrance, while the three girls walked toward the stage entrance.

"Get a policeman!" Allen shouted, every minute becoming more conscious of the humiliation to which he had been subjected. "Why don't you get a policeman and have the three of them 'pinched'?"

"Directly, Mr. Allen," the stage manager said, in a conciliatory tone. "All in good time. Just now, perhaps, it may be well to keep the public out of this. We don't care for just this kind of publicity. Besides, if the girls are 'pinched,' they can't go on tonight, unless you pay their fines."

"Send for your copper," Jennie said, scornfully. "We don't go on tonight, anyway."

"Not until we can fill the vacancies?" asked the stage manager, in apparent astonishment. "You are bound to help us out."

"Say, little one," Jennie observed to the manager, who was five feet three and tipped the scales at one-fifteen, "if you want me to help you out tonight, just put on the stunt this bum star and I have been rehearsing. That would draw, all right. We'd get 'em to clapping their fingers off. What do you say to that, you little beast?" the girl added, flashing a pair of pretty eyes at Allen, who was now engaged in straightening out his hair and his wrecked wardrobe.

Allen only glared and growled out some unintelligible words, and Jean took her by the arm and led her toward the exit.

"Don't spend any more time with the lowbrow," she advised.

Not a word was spoken by either of three girls until they reached the cold little room in the Alden House. Then Jennie turned a white, sorrowful face up to Jean.

"What do you think of me for a chum by this time?" she asked. "I guess I've done it now, all right, all right. I've gone and lost our jobs. Two hundred miles from home, an' dead broke, an' the

How She Fooled the Doctor

Three years ago my little girl, Angela, was taken sick with scarlet fever and later dropsy set in; her face and limbs swelled and her eyes puffed. A leading physician here at the time, treated her without the slightest success. A sample of your Swamp-root having been left at the house at the time, I resolved to try it, and as it agreed with her stomach I continued using it with grateful results. The inflammation began to subside after she had taken the first fifty-cent bottle, and after she took two large bottles she was pronounced cured by the doctor and has been in good health ever since. The doctor came to see her every day and examined her every second day until he pronounced her kidneys in perfect condition.

Now then the doctor was under the impression that I was giving my girl his medicine, but as his medicine had failed to do a bit of good, and desiring not to offend him, I did not tell him I was giving her Swamp-Root and he did not know the difference. I did not use one drop of his medicine after I started my girl on Swamp-Root, and have always felt that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root saved my girl's life for which I am grateful.

I cannot praise it too highly.

Very truly,
MRS. MARY BYRNE,
New Brunswick, N. J.

State of New Jersey
County of Middlesex
ss.

Mrs. Mary Byrne, being duly sworn by me, according to law, on her oath saith that the above statement made by me is just and true. MRS. MARY BYRNE.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 16th day of July, A. D., 1909.
MARGARET P. O'DONNELL,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

FREE SUIT

This well-known company makes this startling announcement: To advertise our high class made-to-order clothes, we will make you a fine suit to **your** measure and give you a chance to get it without one cent of cash. Act quick—before someone in your locality gets ahead of you. Thisesuit will be the best you ever wore. Show it to your friends—tell them casually who made it.

We Mean Exactly What We Say

Be wide awake to this big smashing opportunity and send in your name at once. This wonderful offer is absolutely on the square. We are a well and favorably known Chicago firm whose word is as good as a bond. If you don't know our reputation for honesty and square dealings, ask National Bank of Republic, Chicago.

We Send 70 Samples To Pick From

—also style charts, measurement blank tape, etc., without any obligation on your part—just as soon as we get your letter—and we prepay everything. Remember, the time of this offer is limited—we'd use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Men who have the keenness to find this small advertisement, to read it and to answer it are just the type of men we favor. So send on your name and address to us at once—NOW

SPENCER, MEAD CO., Dept. 71 Chicago

P. S.—We desire a few more live hustlers to earn $5 to $10 a day managing some of our agencies, open soon.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h.p., 2 cylinder, $125.00
4 h.p., 1 cylinder, 57.00
2 h.p., 1 cylinder, 39.75

Simple Wiring Diagram

Built Like an Automobile Engine.

2 to 20 h.p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene. Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. **5-Year Absolute Guarantee—30-day Trial.** Few moving parts; women and children run it. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost. Be first in Territory to Get Offer. Sales plan and literature FREE.

Write Today—NOW Postpaid.

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 1 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

$2.95 GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great catalogue of Elgin watches, we will send this genuine 10 year guaranteed watch to any address by mail postpaid for **ONLY $2.95.** The case is double hunting style and gold finished throughout. The movement is of standard American make, full seven ruby jeweled, quick train lever escapement, a marvelously correct timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 10 years. Send $2.95 therefore with $2.95 and watch will be sent to you by return mail postpaid. State size wanted, Ladies' or Gents'. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $2.95 today. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

"A MOTORCYCLE TOUR in the Granite State."

M·M MOTORCYCLES

4 to 8 Horsepower **$140 to $225**

FREE our new illustrated booklet for Motorcycle Enthusiasts

Send for Catalog *FREE*

All Latest Improvements Free Engine Clutch

OPEN TERRITORY FOR AGENTS

AMERICAN MOTOR WORKS, BROCKTON, MASS.

CLEARANCE SALE.

Remingtons, Densmores, Jewetts, Manhattans, $11 50 each; Franklins, Chicagos, Postals, Hammonds, $9 each. Bargains in Underwoods, Smith, and all others. All guaranteed. Supplies **STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**
28-H Park Row, New York

CARD PLAYER'S "Official Rule Book," Hoyle up-to-date, 256 pages 25c. Write for **FREE** offer. Hill & Co., Swanton, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED

IRON WITHOUT A FIRE

Now, easy, pleasant way. Mrs. Larkins, Mich. writes, "Have ironed 9 years with perfect satisfaction." Mrs. Timm, O. says, "Couldn't think of ironing without it."

Improved Monitor Sad Iron.

Self-Heating. Not Sold in Stores.

Strong, light, handsome—durable. Easy to operate; heat regulated instantly; no dirt—no odor. **WANTED**—AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS. $10. to $20.00 a day. No experience required. Sells almost on sight. Martin, Tenn., cleared over $5.00) in 1 hr. Trimmer, Ill., writes, "Sold 12 in 10 hours." Mrs. Nixon, Vt., made $14.00 in half day. Send for big, colored circular, full size and interior view of iron. Exclusive selling rights—no charge for territory.

Monitor Sad Iron Co.
54 Wayne St. Big Prairie, O.

AGENTS Don't accept an agency until you read our new book "Pilling Dollars" it's free. DARLING CO., Derry, N. H.

$1.00 A WEEK will start you in a big money-making mail order business —with the best line—in spare time. Particulars free. Antiseptic Mfg. Co., 1865 Barry Avenue, Chicago

AGENTS WANTED Make $3 to $5 a day. Send 15 cents for sample and catalog 500 articles. Richardson Mfg.Co.,Dept.7,Bath,N.Y

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 806 Sayman Building, St. Louis Mo.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5014, 1027 W.Adams St., Chicago

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $31 in 8 hrs., another $23.50 in 10 hrs. Write today.
DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 397 Davis Bldg., Chicago

$10.00 A DAY

Selling the wonderful White Flame Burner. Everyone using Kerosene lamps buys. No mantle to break. Safe, Durable, Reliable. Delights every user. Write quick for particulars. Territory going fast. Experience unnecessary. Send postpaid 2c stamps or coin. Money back if not satisfied. White Flame Light Co., Dept. 76 Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 2201 Locust St., Box B, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY for SPARE TIME 200%

WE manufacture Wilbert's Surprise Assortment of fine toilet articles which you can sell in a few hours and make $10.00 clear profit. Send promptly for full information of the greatest money making proposition ever offered. Exclusive territory to agents. Large variety—Quality guaranteed. THE WILBERT CO. 2232 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS BIG MONEY MAKER

Give automatic stropper free with every sale of Tungsten Steel Razor. Greatest seller known. You make 96c profit on every sale. Field of Tex. sold 13 first day out. Every man wants one. Write quick for sample outfit.

Enormous demand. THOMAS RAZOR CO., Easy Sales. 5917 Barny St., Dayton, O.

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The Speedy Stitcher sews a lock stitch like a machine. It mends harness, shoes, or in fact anything. The latest, the best—it beats anything for the money. Retails for $1.00. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Special prices on sample to agents. Our wholesale prices lowest ever offered; over 200% profit. We manufacture our own goods, can sell the best for the least money. Sells on sight. Send now for catalog and sample.

Automatic Awl Co., 48 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

band struck up!" she added, trying to encourage a brave smile which had started on her face.

"You're the fine chum," Jean said, laying a hand on the troubled girl's hair. "You only saved me the trouble of climbing over him. Say Kiddo," she added, as Ruth threw herself on the bed in an agony of grief and self-respect, "you keep on with There ain't no kick coming to you," so choke the weeps, and we'll count up the cash."

"If you find any more than one-seventy there," she said, searching through the purse, "you've got me beat. And that's the last of a five-dollar touch back home!"

CHAPTER XV.

GONE WITH A VEILED WOMAN.

Harley, reporter for the Star came whistling down the main street of Holt, on the afternoon of the day of the incidents related in the last chapter, and stopped before a huge billboard. Across the top of the board ran the legend:

"'Only Girl' Combination at the Alden Theater tonight."

Below was a highly-colored picture of a line of girls in chorus costume.

"I'm in luck for once," he mused, "and that's no jolly. Now, I wonder where I'll find the theater?"

Half a block down the street he came upon a policeman standing in the doorway of a cigar store. The man appeared to be on duty, yet he stood there for some moments, while Harley waited, talking with a young man who had come out of the store bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves.

"Finest scrap you ever heard about," the latter said. "She sprung a half-nelson on the star and put him to the mat in jig time."

"Did y' see it?" asked the policeman, in a deep rumble, probably brought about by contact with the night air, or by contact with the contents of a bottle which he carried in a coat pocket.

"No; I didn't see it," the other replied, "but Scott, the local stage manager, told me about it. Said it was fine. The dame just walloped him good."

"About a kid girl, eh?"

"Yes, about a kid actress who wouldn't go out to dinner with the star. It was the kid's sister that climbed the star. Say, but it must have been funny."

"Where're these girls stopping?" asked the policeman, swinging his club. "I may have to run 'em in."

"I heard they were at the Alden House, this morning."

"I'll keep me eye peeled," the policeman said, walking off down the street, his chin high in air. "They'll not come any of their tricks on me!"

"There goes a rube cop," Harley grinned. "Yesterday he might have been a hod-carrier, or a barber, or a sewer laborer, or a hack driver. Yesterday no one would have accepted his judgment on the most trivial issue. Today he's got a uniform on, and the theory of the law is that he can do no wrong. However, that's not, just what he was before he put it on—a hod-carrier, a barber, a sewer laborer, or a hack driver—and nothing else."

The reporter followed the self-important policeman for some moments, hardly knowing what course to pursue. He had a notion, of course, that the scrap in the theater had been over Ruth Holme. He believed she had been taken out of the city by the friendly chorus girls for friendly reasons, and therefore it was natural that he should go a little further and think of her friends as defending her against insult.

He figured that she had left the city with friends because Captain Preston was anxious to have her taken back. If there had been a hostile removal of the girl, the police captain would unquestionably have been in with it, and so would now know exactly where the girl was, and not be egging the city editor on to discover her whereabouts.

He wondered, as he followed the policeman along the street, how the police captain had traced the girl to the "Only Girl" combination. He, of course, did not know of the girl's meeting with Nellie, or of the suspicions of Mike Schobey, the plan clothes man.

All he knew was that Captain Preston had talked a long time with Angell, and that at the end of the conversation he had been given his assignment, with instructions to find the girl and bring her back. He had not been told that a police officer would be out on the same errand, but had no doubt that that part of the police program had been attended to.

Finally he decided to ask for the chorus girls at the Alden House.

Not knowing just where to find the Alden House, Harley hastened his steps until he came up with the policeman. That official snarled out an indefinite reply and walked on faster.

"Where did you say it was?" asked Harley, determined not be ignored by the man.

"Over here on the corner," was the reply.

"Well," Harley, asked, with a smile, "how many corners are there in this town?"

"Don't get gay, now," thundered the policeman. "I said it was over there on the corner of Pine and Locust, didn't I?"

"No, you didn't," was the reply.

The policeman shook his club threateningly in the reporter's face. Harley did not retreat.

"If you give me any lip," the policeman declared, fuming with rage, "I'll run you in. What do you want here, anyway? I've been keepin' my eyes on you for some time, an' I've seen some suspicious actions."

"You're a wise guy," Harley replied. "I've just left the train. If you'll tell me where the Alden House is, I'll be on my way."

"I'll tell you where the police station is!" shouted the officer, "if you give me another word of lip."

He made a rush toward Harley as he spoke, but the reporter stepped back. He realized that he had made an ass of himself in arguing with the policeman. Little good he would be able to do — the town if he started in by getting locked up.

But he was not locked up just then, for as he stepped back he bunted squarely into the stomach of a pleasant, portly gentleman, who seemed to have stopped to listen to the argument. The gentleman grunted, picked up his derby and laughed.

"Come along with me!" the policeman shouted, seizing Harley by the arm. "I'll teach you to assault gentlemen on the street. You'll get yours now."

"Never mind, Dennis," the gentleman said. "I'm not hurt; besides, it was all my fault. Were you asking for the Alden House, sir?" he continued, turning toward the reporter. "I'm going that way, and I'll show you the house."

"He's under arrest!" shouted the policeman.

"Look here, Dennis," the gentleman said, half angrily, "if you keep on getting drunk while on duty, you'll find your picture in the Blade some morning. Now, go on about your business, or I'll report you."

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to make complaint, Mr. Hall," the policeman said, in a tone of apology, "it is all right. He ought to be pinched, though."

The angry officer turned and went his way, while the reporter and his newfound friend proceeded down the street.

"You're on the Blade," asked Harley, as the walked along. "I'm on the Star, and I was thinking that I'd have to write my copy in jail."

"I'm Hall, owner of the Blade," was the reply, "and I'm glad to meet any man from the Star. Are you here on business?"

Now Harley could not very well tell what his business there was, so he said he had come up to look over the town with a view of writing it up at some future time.

Hall smiled at the explanation. The trouble in the "Only Girl" combination had already been reported to him, and he half believed that the Star man had been sent up to make a special story of the first show given by the company, which, as he well knew, had been formed in the home city of the state.

"Well," he said, presently, "you've got a great story here about the comedy company that left your town early yesterday morning. I thought, perhaps, you might be here for the purpose of giving the troupe a send-off on the initial performance. I understand the author is also the manager and the star."

"I don't know anything about the fellow," Harley replied, "but I do know a member of the company; that is, I know a young lady, who left my town with the chorus girls. I think I'll stop at the Alden House and look her up."

Editor Hall stopped short on the pavement and stood looking quizzically at the reporter.

"I had an idea," he said, then, "that you were here to make a story of the new company, coming, as it does, from your city. Well, you've got a peach of a tale to write, that's all I've got to say about it."

"About the fight at the theater?" asked Harley.

"So you've heard that, have you?" laughed Hall.

"I heard a fellow talking about it up the street," was the reply. "What do you know about it?"

"It seems," Hall began, "that there's a girl in the troupe who is not a chorus lady, not an actress, in fact. She is the one the row is about. She is said to be a very pretty girl, too. Anyway, one of her friends mounted the star actor and gave him a hair-pulling for saying something to her. I heard, a short time ago, that he would not be able to play tonight."

Harley found his previous conceptions of the matter confirmed.

Plain that Ruth Holme was in the limelight again, but he did not say so to the editor. It was his idea now to get the girl away from the city with as little publicity as possible. He had been instructed by Angell to get into the confidence of the child and bring her back to town. The city editor had said nothing further than that. Harley had not been told why Angell wanted her brought back, but he surmised that the move was not in the best interests of the girl.

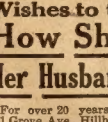
The Star had fought the claimant and his daughter bitterly, and Harley believed that the managing editor wanted the girl back in order that she might be placed within the sphere of his influence. There was no certainty that

(Continued on page fifteen.)

This Wife *and* Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE

How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking



For over 20 years James Anderson living at 251 Grove Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own home, gave him a simple little remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely. This remedy she also tried on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case.

None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly tell what it is. She has already told hundreds what she used and the following extracts from letters she has received will show what splendid results her information has brought about.

I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely.—*Mrs. P. W. Cowell, Athens, Penn.* Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time.—*Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.* Your advice surely has been of wonderful value to me. The remedy which cured your husband, completely cured me.—*Mr. Oakley Wills, Arlington, N. J.*

If you also desire this advice all you have to do is write Mrs. Anderson a letter asking how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and address plainly.

(We earnestly advise everyone of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

ILLINOIS PEOPLE PRAISE SIMPLE GERMAN MIXTURE.

Less Bowel and Stomach Trouble. People No Longer Afraid of Appendicitis.

Praise is heard from all over Illinois for the simple German mixture of buckthorn bark and glycerine, mixed as described in the famous Adler-i-ka book. People who had wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea or heavy feeling after eating, say this simple mixture helps INSTANTLY, and at the same time guards against appendicitis.

Every reader of this paper, who has not read it, should at once send for a free copy of the Adler-i-ka book to the Adlerika Co., Dep. 32, St. Paul, Minn. This book will surprise and astonish you; it shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel and stomach trouble, how appendicitis is caused, ..ow it can be treated without operation and how you can easily guard against it.

You wouldn't take a great deal for what you will learn from this book. Just write your name (no need writing more), on a sheet of paper and send a two-cent stamp to the above address.

You Can Make $6.00 PER DAY COLLECTING YOUR neighbors names for our Directory —all kinds of names wanted. 10 cents postage for blank book and Quick—We want a million names quick. ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO. OSBORN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief and short breath. Trial treatment sent Free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box E, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS-GET BUSY

Here's what they all want. Act quick! Sell "AMBREW" Concentrated Beer Extract. Makes real genuine intoxicating Beer right at home by adding water. Saves over 100 per cent of Brewers' price. *Not a Near-Beer, not an imitation; but real Beer.*

NO LIQUOR LICENSE REQUIRED. STRICTLY LEGITIMATE. Light, compact, carry weeks supply. "AMBREW" is the concentrated ingredients of real Lager Beer. Same materials used by brewers in brewing pure Lager Beer. SOMETHING NEW. Enormous demand; Quick sales; Large profits. Send postal. We'll show you how to make money quick.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 2604 Cincinnati, Ohio.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY is now offered agents to handle well advertised brand of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Direct from mill to wearer. Large variety of styles, weights and colors. Linen heels and toes. 25c up. Previous experience unnecessary. Liberal commission. Exclusive territory. Credit. G. PARKER MILLS, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents, Signists—1000% Profit

Beautiful window letters. Very low prices; easy proposition. Something new. *Free* mounted sample gets orders. Embossed Sixty Co., 2564 Milwaukee Av., Chicago

A Surprised Man.

The proprietor of a country store was induced to become an agent for the sale of a certain kind of hammock. He hung one of them, with a card, containing the price, in front of his store, in the shade of the porch. It was displayed there as an advertisement, and many curious people got into it to see how it worked. It hung so low, they could easily sit in it, and undoubtedly the motion was agreeable and comforting. But the proprietor of the store didn't fancy this performance, especially as the hammock sitters were not hammock buyers. So he removed from the hook the loop at one end, and fastened it by a bit of twine instead.

Shortly afterward a man came in for a quart of molasses. It was put in his jar, and a paper tied over the top, as he had forgotten to bring a cover. When he passed out he saw the hammock. His curiosity was aroused at once.

The storekeeper was just inside the store, so the man thought he would investigate on his own account. He saw at a glance that the hammock was something to get into. He knew it was nothing to wear, and equally sure it could not be arranged for cooking. He sat down in it. Then he swung backward, and lifted up his feet.

Then the twine fastening gave way, and there was a sudden collapse. The man had the jar of molasses resting on his lap, and there was a dog sitting under the hammock. Neither the dog nor the molasses expected anything, any more than the man himself did. It was a terrible surprise to all of them. The man and the dog lost their presence of mind, and even the jar lost its head.

The golden syrup flowed into his lap, ran down his legs, and swashed up under his vest, and insinuated itself in some way between himself and his clothes. And when he went down he hit the dog on the back with his heel, and the dog was so wild with terror and amazement that it sent up a head-splitting yell, and fled madly down the street, having first taken the precaution to bite him in the leg and tip over a pyramid of wooden water pails.

When the pails crashed down, a lot of hoes were carried over with them, and that started a box of garden seeds mounted on a tray, and they, in turn, brought away a pile of peck measures, whose summit was crowned with a symmetrical pyramid of canned tomatoes.

It was dreadful shock to the man, and so nearly paralyzed him with its magnitude. But when one article following another came avalanching on top of him, he thought the evil one himself had burst loose, and he just screamed as loudly as he could. The molasses was all over him, and the garden seeds had adhered to the brown and sticky fluid, and he looked more like a huge gingerbread stuck full of caraway seeds than anything else. In this awful condition he waddled home, a ludicrous sight, the most disgusted and surprised man in the town.

* * *

The Culprit's Answer.

A literal truth may be a virtual lie, and though there exists great cleverness in the telling, it is of that sort of speech which we should scarcely care to imitate, though we may smile at it.

A party of boys were snowballing one day in front of the old academy, just as the professor was approaching its door. Whiz! and one icy ball striking his shiny hat, carried it neatly away from his head.

It was an accident, but the professor was not a man to make allowances, and as he turned and glared at them, the boys trembled. One of them, however, had the self-possession to pick up and straighten the ill-used "tile," and its owner, without a word, marched indoors and rang his bell.

The boys went in like mice. When they were seated, the professor asked:

"Young gentlemen, who threw that ball?"

No one stirred, and not a glance was exchanged. The question was repeated, and still the room was silent.

"I will put one more question," said the professor severely: "Does any one know who threw it?"

The guilty boy raised his hand, but as he was a model of propriety, it did not occur to the teacher that he could be the offender.

"You raised your hand, Reade," he said; "then you know who did it?"

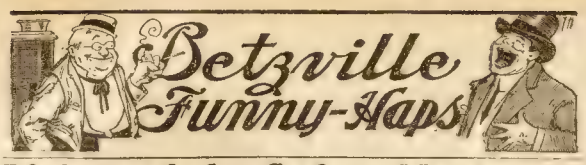
"Yes, sir."

"I should not, under ordinary circumstances, ask one boy to tell the misdemeanor of another, but it is evident that a coward is present and needs exposure. Reade, who threw that ball?"

"I would rather not tell, sir," said Reade, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Noble boy, I honor you!" said his teacher, with enthusiasm. "If there is present one boy too cowardly to confess, it is evident that there is another who is too honorable to betray a schoolmate. For Reade's sake, the culprit shall be forgiven. Young gentlemen, proceed with your work."

It is only fair to add that Reade's conscience afterward pricked him, in view of such undeserved praise, and that he did manfully confess.



Binks and the Safety Hammock

By Ellis Parker Butler

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

Randolph Binks of Betzville is passionately fond of reclining in a hammock, but up to the present he has never reclined in one to any great extent. Mr. Binks is an excellent citizen, but is more rotund than any other man in this county, and when he reclines in a hammock so much of him rotunds upward that it overthrows the equilibrium, and the hammock quickly but gracefully turns over and drops Mr. Binks on the ground with a thud. Any man less passionately fond of reclining in a hammock would have given it up long ago, but Mr. Binks said in our hearing that he would be blamed if he would let any hammock in creation get the best of him. He says he has gently climbed into the hammock over 8,962 times, put his head back carefully, grasped the

Blamed if he would let it get the best of him.

edges, and that each and every time the hammock has revolved half a revolution suddenly, and spilled him on the hard, hard ground. He says that at about the eight thousand, nine hundred and third time he decided that he had been attacking the hammock too gently, and that it must be taken roughly, like the nettle, to be handled properly, so he stood back and made a leap, landing in the hammock. This was almost successful, except that the hammock acted like a spring board and, taking Mr. Binks, threw him six feet against the fence, head first, breaking three pickets. In his temporary anger Mr. Binks arose and kicked the hammock, which then grabbed him by the foot, yanked his other foot off the ground, and bumped him down on the back of his head.

When he became calm, Mr. Binks went as far away from the hammock as he could get and sat down on the ground and studied it, and he came to the conclusion that what the hammock needed was a counter-weight. If there was a greater weight attached to the underneath of the hammock when Mr. Binks got into it, it could not turn over. He said he wondered that no one had ever before thought of putting a keel on a hammock, and he immediately began looking about for a good, heavy weight. The best thing he could find was an old millstone, and he built up a solid wall of loose brick underneath the hammock. On top of this he laid the millstone, and then he pressed the hammock smoothly against the millstone, and, warming two quarts of glue, he poured it into the hammock and went away to allow the glue to harden in peace.

That evening Adelia Binks and her fiance, young Wilfred Doppelgang, went quietly into the back yard to sit in the hammock and spoon. They sat.

About three hours later, Adelia raised her head from Wilfred's shoulder and said, "It don't seem like you hug as hard as you used to, Wilfred!" She said this in a reproachful tone of voice, implying that perhaps Wilfred did not love her as of yore, and Wilfred, who did love her as of yore, tried to take his arm from about her waist and get a new strangle hold, but, alas! he could not! He could not get his arm loose from that hug. In the course of three hours the glue had hardened and the hug had become a permanent, guaranteed-fast embrace. He had undoubtedly allowed his sleeve to repose a moment or more in the glue, and Wilfred's sleeve and the back gores of Adelia's shirtwaist had become one and inseparable. This is desirable in a union of States, but it is not recommended for all purposes.

With consternation Wilfred then started to leave the hammock. So did Adelia. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, they did not leave. Reader, have you ever been glued to a large, round, sandy-complexioned millstone? Have you ever seated yourself upon a millstone well buttered with glue, with the girl of your choice beside you, and then sat there until the glue hardened and you became, as you might say, two souls with but a single thought? Wilfred and Adelia could not arise; they could not even sidestep. They were glued to the millstone, and the millstone was glued to the hammock, and the hammock was tied to two large trees, and the roots of the trees extended many, many feet into the soil. There was but one thing to do.

Cautiously leaning forward, Adelia and Wilfred began to remove the loose pile of brick from beneath the millstone, until all the bricks were gone. Then, wrapped arm in arm, they began to jog gle the hammock. It was a trying moment. Suddenly, as out of a clear sky, there was a sound of ripping, breaking, tearing, and then a thud. The millstone had fallen to earth, taking with it the central portion of the hammock. This left a large hole in the hammock. It also took with it— Pardon me, I should say it also left a large— At any rate Wilfred and Adelia sped hastily toward the house.

Half an hour later Mr. Randolph Binks strolled home, and all was silence. As has been said, he is passionately fond of reclining in a hammock. He has since remarked to Uncle Ashdod Clute that his invention of a non-tipping hammock was a success. Formerly, when he entered a hammock one thing always happened —the hammock reversed itself and threw him out. But now Randolph Binks walk up to his hammock and threw himself into it with confidence.

The hammock did not, Mr. Binks says, throw him out. Mr. Binks merely walked up to the hammock in the dark and threw himself into it. Mr. Binks says that in passing through the hole that had been torn in the hammock he thought very few things worthy of reproduction by the press. He says he merely passed through in a simple, unconventional way, and met the millstone quite informally, saluting it with the back of his head. He says it was a mere love tap—for the millstone.

Mr. Binks claims that his hammock was a success on three counts: First— The hammock did not turn over and drop Mr. Binks on the ground with a thud; he fell through. Second—The hammock did not drop him on the ground with a thud: he hit the millstone. Third —The hammock did not drop him with a thud; the noise was clean and sharp, like the iron rim of the millstone. Mr. Binks says he can think of only one improvement. Hereafter when he wishes to glue anything under a hammock he will choose a feather bed rather than a millstone.

Look out for another of these laughable sketches next week. It will be called "Reverend Spillgath and Moses."

* * *

Future Prospects.

Benevolent Visitor—And what are you going to be, my little man?

Little Boy (after a huge dinner)—I'm going to be—sick.

* * *

Saving It.

"Now, remember, Ikey, that vos a goot glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."

How John Quit Drinking

The Happy Reunion — Golden Remedy Did It

Costs Nothing to Try.

Golden Remedy Is Odorless and Tasteless —Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

Dr. J. W. Haines Company, 2956 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

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DRY AIR CLEANING

CLEANS CARPETS, RUGS, MATTINGS, Linoleums and Finished Floors, without raising a dust. Cleans on the floor. The cleaning medium of cleanliness for every family, rich or poor, city village or country. Made for the home. One person uses. Right weight. Light size. Easily operated. Made for practical family use.

GETS THE DIRT. WE CHALLENGE EVERY OTHER! *What Users say:*

"Cleaned two rooms, took out five quarts of dirt." W. P. Collins, Pa. "Am pleased with the Cleaner, it certainly takes up the dust." Carrie H. Chandler. "Makes the house smell much sweeter, no dust to fly around rooms." David Bricker, Pa. "Am a small weak woman but can manage it myself; it is as you claimed it to be." Mrs. J. Parmley, Kans.

IT WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU. Get one now Price, only $8.50, sent anywhere. Write anyway, for full information.

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AGENTS MONEY Comes easy, quick, sure. Go into any home; sprinkle some chalk or fine dirt on the carpet; tramp it in; takes it out like magic. Let the lady try it; she will keep it. Sold seven out of ten.

HOW THEY DO IT Men or women. F. A. White, Ill., sold 15 in 5 hours. C. E. Goff, Mo., sold 5 Saturday, my first attempt. Geo. A. Smith, O., was out one evening made $25.30 profit. P. E. Poole, Mass., ordered 1, then 8, then 12—one hundred and seventy-five; profit $821.50. Mrs. F. F. Foss, a Minnesota lady, ordered 30 three hundred and twelve sold; profit $1,457. Not sold in stores. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. Be a money-maker. Don't let someone beat you to it. Send for **FREE SAMPLE** Offer. Write quickly. Do it today.

R. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 2150 ALMS BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

MEN'S or WOMEN'S 20 YEAR Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved pattern, gold finished, thin model, Hunting case Watch, 7 jewel American lever movement 20 year case guaranteed. Solid gold finished long chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Men. Our price now only **$3.75** complete.

20 Year Guarantee

SENT C.O.D. to your express office for examination. If found equal in appearance to any $15.00 Solid Gold Watch pay express agent this special quarter sale price $3.75. Don't buy until you see it. State whether Men's, Ladies' or Boys' size. HUNTER WATCH CO., Dept. 408 CHICAGO, ILL.

CAMERA AND COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR 25c

Takes picture 1 1-8x1 1-8 inches. With plates, paper, chemicals, etc; tells how to, covered, full instructions so that any small boy or girl can take pictures. The complete outfit will be sent by mail, securely packed and delivered for only 25 cents or 3 for 60 cents.

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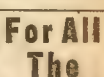

ABBREVIATED LONGHAND. Simpler than shorthand. 100 words a minute. Tried and approved by thousands. Sample lesson 20c. Particulars Free. A. B. WEAVER, Court Reporter, Dept. G, Buffalo, N. Y.

25c BOX FREE — **Pil-Laxative** TRADE-MARK GOOD MORNING — **For All The Family**

A Laxative and Liver Regulator without a Gripe. Does Not Sicken.

PIL-LAXATIVE is a Splendid Remedy for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness, Sallow Skin, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Sick Headaches, Gas in the Bowels, Pimples and Blotches, Bad Breath, Coated Tongue.

If you have any of the above symptoms, take a Pil-Laxative at bed time and it will be a "good morning" to everyone and a feeling of youth all day.

GOOD FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN

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A 25c Box FREE For five sick friends names

In asking you to give us the name and address of persons you know of needing medical treatment we do not mean that you thereby indorse our remedies. Your name will not be mentioned at all. We will be glad to send a **Trial Treatment Free** to prove that our remedies cure. It would be an act of kindness to help your neighbor and greatly appreciated by us. Send us the names and addresses of 5 or more persons needing medical aid and we will send you a full size box of Pil-Laxatives, postage paid free of cost. This is our way of advertising our simple and effective remedies. Do it now.

LUCKY ADAM.

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
I've heard that joke before

Another Sore.

Papa—Where have you been, James?
James—Fishin
Papa—Come into the woodshed and we'll have a whaling expedition

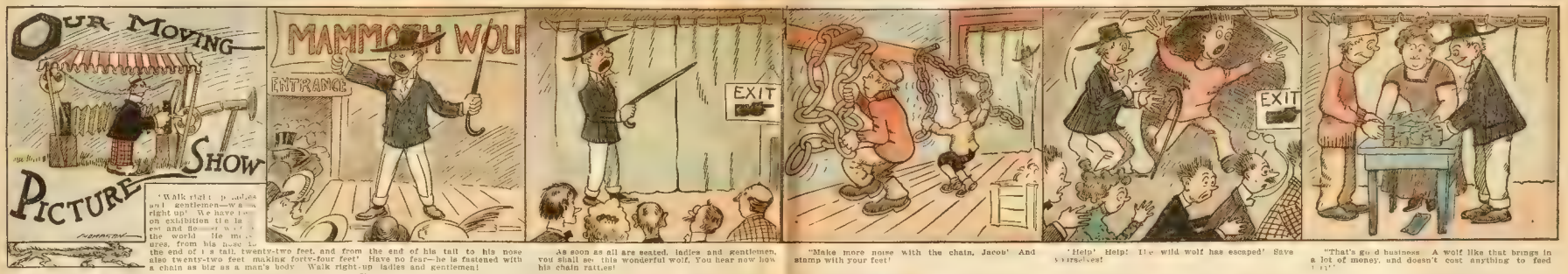
CH ER A VERY L E WOLF.

Thoroughly Modern.

Visitor—Is this an old homestead, or a modern imitation of antiquity?
Tenant—Oh, it's new, brand-new. The roof leaks in forty places

WHEN TO LAUGH.

Laugh, and others laugh with you,
Or laugh, and you laugh alone
The first when the joke is the others';
The second—when it's your own



Not to Be Blamed.

They were putting up for the night or two at what was notoriously said to be the worst hotel in the State. Never mind what State.

Their experience took on all the horrors of a nightmare.

In the middle of their last night, not having slept well, one of them became dimly conscious that something was wrong.

Suddenly he realized that the trouble came from a leaky gas jet.

"Wake up, Bud," he shouted in his friend's ear, as he shook him violently. "The gas is escaping."

"Well, can you blame it?" growled his companion, as he rolled over to renew his disturbed repose.

The Hobo's Revenge.

"I believe de recall 'ud help to reform me," said Peddlin' Pete.

"What difference would de recall make to you?" inquired Meandering Mike.

"If we had it, I t'ink I'd quit dis roving life an' settle down an' try to git back at some o' dese judges dat keeps sendin' me up."

The Boy's Interest Awakened.

"Does your boy, Josh, take an interest in the farm?"

"He's beginnin' to," replied Mr. Cornfossel. "He's been showin' me where we could have some dandy golf links an' how easy it would be to turn the barn into a garage."

Unexpected.

Frank Frankleigh—Yes, Miss Antique, to be frank with you——

Miss Antique (with a chirp)—Oh, Mr. Frankleigh, of course you may be Frank with me—but this is so sudden.

A Mere Trifle.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Her Smirched Ancestry.

"Do you know who her grandfather was? Have you ascertained anything in regard to her pedigree? Those are things you ought to know about the woman you are to make your wife."

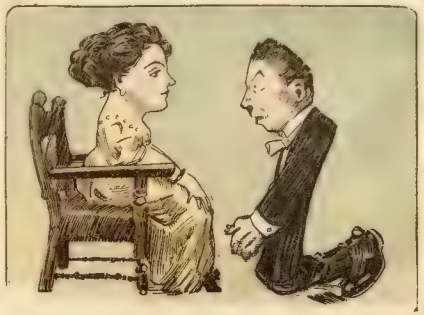
"Oh, hang her grandfather.'

"My boy, that's just what they did do!" Bill

Accomplished Bill.

Dear Old Lady (with a view to a little moral teaching)—Now, do either of you little boys say naughty words?

Elder Brother—Well, mum I ain't much of a "and at it myself, but young Bill here is a treat. Cuss for the lady Bill



Lovelorn Youth—Ah, Rosella, would you refuse me on my bended knee?
Rosella—It does seem cruel. Stand up and hear me say no.

She Knew It.

"Oh, dear, I think I've sat on your hat."

"You think you've sat on it? My dear madam, you must be thoroughly convinced you've sat on it!"

A Real Man This Time.

Daughter (delighted)—And did you really consent?

Father—Consent? My stars! I had to. The man demanded your hand like a highwayman holding up a train. Consent! My goodness gracious! I believe, from the way he looked and acted, he would have knocked me flat if I hadn't. Daughter—Oh, it can't be. You must have been dreaming. Why, when he proposed to me he trembled so he could hardly speak, and he looked so haggard and weak I had to hurry up and say yes to keep him from fainting.

A Swift One.

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began the man at the breakfast table, as he picked up one of his wife's biscuits, then—

"Yes," interrupted the patient better half, "then I might get a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for three winters."

A Humane Man.

Jim," said the honest coal dealer to one of his men, "Jim, make that ton of coal 200 pounds short. It's for a poor delicate widow, and she will have to carry all of it up two flights of stairs. I don't want to overtax her strength."

A Theorist.

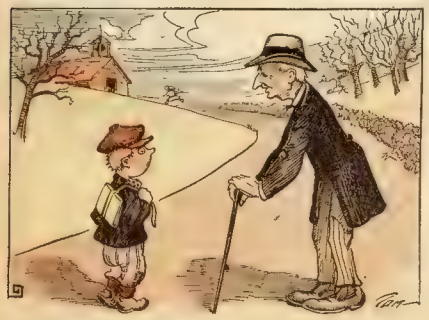
Tommy—Pop, what is a theorist?

Tommy's Pop—A theorist, my son, is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on the bank and watching a frog.

A Swimming Hole.

Knicker—What is a swimming hole?

Bocker—A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.



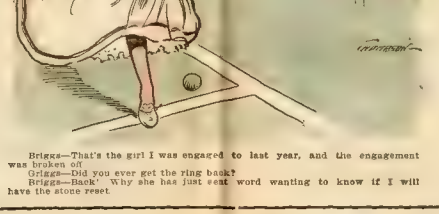
"What's your name, my little man."
"They call me 'Corn' at school, sir."
"Good gracious! And why?"
"Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

As soon as all are seated, ladies and gentlemen, you shall see this wonderful wolf. You hear now how his chain rattles!

"Make more noise with the chain, Jacob! And stamp with your feet!

'Help! Help! The wild wolf has escaped! Save yourselves!

"That's good business. A wolf like that brings in a lot of money, and doesn't cost anything to feed it!"



Briggs—That's the girl I was engaged to last year, and the engagement was broken off.
Griggs—Did you ever get the ring back?
Briggs—Back! Why she has just sent word wanting to know if I will have the stone reset.

Mrs. Hines—How do you think prunes ought to be served?
Hines—Madam, prunes ought to be served with a two minute notice to leave town.

Cruel Thing.

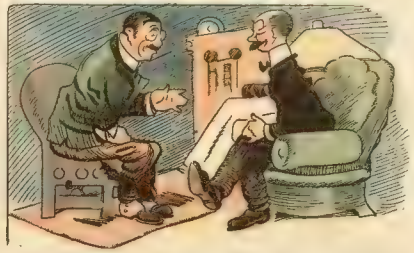
Jack—When I asked Ethel if she would be mine, she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and ——

Maud—Oh, yes, I know all about that. I rehearsed it with her.

Had Occasion to Know.

The Girl—I'm shocked at the way father treated you. I've almost worshipped papa, but it seems my idol has feet of clay.

The Suitor—Clay? Concrete, more likely!



Hicks—My wife plays cards every day and has never yet had a dispute over a game.
Wicks—Wonderful! What game does she play?
Hicks—Solitaire.

Unappreciated Advice.

"I suppose by this time you have more money than you know what to do with," said the old acquaintance.

"No," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "I haven't more than I know what to do with. But I might be a little puzzled about it now and then if I didn't get a lot of helpful advice on the subject from mother and the girls."

He Was Certainly Rich.

Patience—They say he was taken sick on the train.

Patrice—Indeed! What was the matter?

"Oh, he ate too much in a dining car?"

"Oh! Is he as rich as that?"

A Sensible Woman.

Shoe Clerk—What size would you like, madam?

Miss Larjun—I'd like a number two, but it's no use talking about that. You may as well show me your number five.

A Calamity.

"My son, remember this: Marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man."

"I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"

Doesn't Last Long.

Mrs. Gotham—The paper says an Indiana State board is trying to prevent the marriage of idiots.

Mr. Gotham—What nonsense! They soon get over it.

Easy to Get.

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

"Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."

Could Answer for Itself.

"Is this phonograph a good one?"
"It speaks for itself, sir."

Takes Time.

Jobson—I have a claim against the Government. What lawyer would you advise me to retain?

Friend—It doesn't matter whom you select, only so he's young.

Unmarried.

"Pleasant woman, that! Is she unmarried?"
"Yes; twice."

His Reason.

A well-known temperance lecturer often makes use of the following illustration:

I can perhaps sympathize, he says, "with the real connoisseur of wines with some sips slowly, with proper enjoyment of the bouquet and the flavor, a small glass of vintage Bordeaux, champagne or Burgundy. But, after all, few men drink like that.

Most men drink like the Chinaman who explained, as he bought a quart of fiery, execrable, cheap whisky:

"Me no drinkee for drinkee; me drinkee for drunkee."

The Fireman's Joke.

The fireman was shoveling coal into the engine. "I just happened to think," said he to the engineer, "that this coal is soft because it comes from the tender." Whereupon the whistle wailed softly, and even the road ties were heard.

Vastly Different.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a dialogue and a monologue?

Pop—When two women talk it's a dialogue but when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband, it's a monologue.

Moving.

"Where were you day before yesterday?

"I was helping my wife to move."

"Ain't you—"

"Had the doctor helping me to."

A Wise Child.

Teacher—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

First and Last.

"How do Jack and Joanne ever manage to scrape a living?"

"Why, he makes the money first and she makes it last."

"Say, I've found a dollar! Let's buy ninety-five cents' worth of beer and five cents' worth of bread!"
"Huh! What would we do with so much bread?"

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Tuberculosis

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing the Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

Dr. W. H. KNIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Tuberculosis when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd treatment kills the Tubercule Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Tuberculosis. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Tuberculosis it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of tuberculosis and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. H. Kiester of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of tuberculosis and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. JUDD. O. LLOYD, 5711 Lloyd Building, St. Louis, Mo.

INTERESTING!

Different, Surprising!

While you are boiling clothes for your washing machine or tub, the Easy Way is washing them on the stove. Dirt dissolved and loosened in all garments at the same time; dirt drops to the bottom or comes off in the rinse. No chemicals; use soap. **WASHES DAINTY THINGS:** embroideries, laces, curtains without injury; **HEAVY things:** blankets, spreads, quilts—farmers' garments, greasy overalls. Saves money, time, labor, aching back and limbs. "The clothes were on the stove **WASHING THEMSELVES**, while I was washing the dishes." Mrs. M. E. Brooks, S. D. "Done 2 week's washing in 45 minutes, without rubbing." P. E. Post, Pa. "**The Easiest Washing I ever did.**" Mrs. A. Cuvle, N. Y. "Washed a pair overalls in 15 minutes, were clean." H. Emery, Mich. "Four blankets, five quilts and a spread." J. P. Mitchell, O. SENT ANYWHERE; not sold in stores. 100,000 sent to families. Lasts—lifetime. Price, $6.00. Write for description. AGENTS: C. O. Garrett, O. "Showed Easy Way to seven families, sold 6." Mrs. W. Peay, N. C. "Born on two cats, sold 12." Will R. Stephenson made in two months $720. **THIS IS MAKING MONEY.** You have the same chance. **FREE SAMPLE** offer. Write today.

Harrison Mfg. Co., 2091 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Want to Pay $40 to $60 a Week

Wear our fine **Free Suit** as a sample, show it to your friends and become our **Agent.** We have the most complete line of suitings in the country, suits made to your order, hand tailored throughout. Swell dressy Style, fit, workmanship and quality **guaranteed.** **We start you in a paying business. Rock bottom prices.** Our prices are from $4.00 to $8.00 lower than other houses would charge for the same material and grade of work. **Big Profits.** Experience not necessary. Devote all or part of your time. We credit you with all orders from your territory. Write for **Free Outfit** and our liberal offer on men's fine suits **free of charge.**

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SOLID GOLD FILLED GUARANTEED 20 YEARS **$5.95**

Biggest thin model, open face, 20 year gold filled (guarantee stamped in case), plain polished engine turned case, dust proof, 14 size movement, ruby jewelled adjusted patent lever movement, gold inlaid dial, warranted a correct timekeeper. Also Ladies' Size with white porcelain dial.

$5.95 COLD

VERY THIN MODEL

StemWind & Stem Set FILLED

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal to appearance of any $25 gold filled watch you can convert same at our special sales price $5.95 and express charges and it is yours. Address MUTUAL SALES CO., S 11, Washington Blk., Chicago, Ill.

Beef Blood Viro FOR THIN PEOPLE.

Makes Pink Flesh.

Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong, healthy bullock's blood.—Pleasant to take. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, have plump form. For Indigestion, Nervousness, Blood Disorders, Constipation. To prove its wonderful powers we will send trial 50c package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST-OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today.

Viro-Health Co. Dept. 75, Clarinda Iowa

Erickson Leg Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. *Send for Catalog*

Sold on Easy Terms

The largest limb factory in the world. E. N. Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 1676 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.

TAPE-WORM Expelle's alive in 3 hours with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 5c stamp. DR M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 504 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN find the right kind of Toilet Necessities, Drugs, Syringes, etc., in our catalog. Send 2c stamp for postage. F. G. Ferguson Co., 429 J, Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

By Way of Proof

"MINT," said Ampley, carelessly.

"Catnip," contradicted Ampley's wife, decisively.

Ampley regarded her with the benignly pitying look men reserve for erring and weak-minded members of their families. "Geraldine," he said in a pained tone, "do you suppose I've lived all these years and escaped an intimate acquaintance with mint in its various forms? It is just as easy to tell mint when you see it as it is to recognize a potato! This is mint!"

Mrs. Ampley dropped her golf clubs and sat down plump in the middle of the disputed green stuff. At the eighteenth hole they had wandered off the course into the inviting autumn woods bordering the links. Her cap was one sided and her face was flushed.

"You may know mint," she admitted crisply. "I've not the slightest doubt that you could tell it in a tall glass a mile away, but let me inform you that when it comes to catnip you've nothing on me! Why, I was brought up on catnip—almost! Haven't I gathered it by the bushel for the cats and kittens we always had at home? I——"

"Fine aroma," interrupted Ampley, twisting the sprig he held beneath his nose with the maddening air of a connoisseur. "I don't know when I've stumbled on a finer bed of mint, really!"

"You'd infuriate me if you weren't so silly," remarked his wife. "And you are so absurdly stubborn!"

"What're you doing?" demanded Ampley with curiosity as she began picking handfuls of the herb and stuffed them into her sweater pockets.

Mrs. Ampley regarded him coldly. "I am picking catnip," she informed him, "to take home to the cats next door—and I intended to incidentally prove to you that I am the right!"

"Any sane cat," scoffed her husband, "would be insulted if handed a bunch of that stuff! It would collect all its intimate friends and sit out on the back fence and yowl at you in disgust."

His wife sniffed. "Any cat would be my friend for life," she contradicted. "The poor thing would be hysterical

"I WAS BROUGHT UP ON CATNIP,"

with joy! Did you ever see a cat playing with catnip?"

"No, but I am curious to observe one having a jag of joy on plain mint," said her husband. "It will be novel."

"Shoo!" said Mrs. Ampley six times to the golf club cat, which seemed determined to tag them into the station bus.

"What ails the animal?" asked Ampley.

Catnip!" explained Mrs. Ampley, sweetly.

"Umph!" commented Ampley. Walking up the avenue to their home in the dusk Ampley fell over some animal twice. "What the ——" he began.

"I think," said his wife casually, "that it must be that big black cat I've seen in this block so much. It probably has sniffed the catnip in my pockets——"

"Oh, fudge!" growled Ampley.

Just as they sat down to dinner there was a mew from the front porch. It was an insistent call and Mrs. Ampley beamed.

"The dear thing!" she murmured. "Cats are so intelligent! I dropped a leaf of the stuff on purpose as I came in and it's calling for more. Listen—there are two of them now!"

Ampley got to his feet violently. "Have we got to endure this serenade all through dinner?" he inquired with awful sarcasm. "Just because some fool cats can't tell mint when they see it?"

He opened the front door to scare away the invaders, but they vanished suddenly. For a moment he thought he saw shadowy form flit by him, but when he glanced back into the hall nothing was to be seen.

"It is really remarkable," mused Mrs. Ampley, "how cleverly cats will discover catnip and search it out! See how those two on the porch——"

"That was mere coincidence," Ampley insisted. "A cat wouldn't walk a foot to smell of mint! And I'm telling you that it was mint you picked!"

"Catnip!" said Mrs. Ampley serenely.

Ampley went upstairs to bed a little later, murmuring contradictory things under his breath about the green leaves plucked by his wife a few hours before out at the club. Then presently he yelled. So weird and alarmed was his cry that Mrs. Ampley came running to his assistance.

When she got the room light turned on she discovered Ampley crouching with blanched face near the bed, on which he evidently had placed his hand. And he had thrust it into the midst of a bunch of warm, furry, live things—four cats ensconced upon Mrs. Ampley's carelessly bestowed sweater, the pockets of which they had been contentedly rifling. One cat was chewing a leaf and it winked at Ampley joyously. All of them were purring in a dissipated fashion.

Turning, Ampley met his wife's triumphant eye. "We-e-ell," he said weakly, "maybe it is catnip."

⁂

Souvenirs of the Singer.

At a certain German town many years ago, when Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish vocalist, was at the height of her fame, there was a tremendous excitement about the fair singer, who, after driving the whole place nearly mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students who had escorted it rushed back to her hotel, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind upstairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations.

An hour or two afterward, a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying at the hotel, came to breakfast at the table d'hote, and was observed to be much disturbed in mind and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said in a low voice to some people who were near him at the table:

"You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people these Germans! Students are raving mad, gentlemen!"

"Oh, no," said somebody else, "excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible!"

"By George, sir," returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man! I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their buttonholes."

It is perhaps needless to add that they had gone into the wrong bedroom.

⁂

Diplomatic.

"Last winter, during a social function in Washington," says Mr. Kennard, counselor of the British embassy, "I overheard a remark on the part of a young clubman there, the tact of which indicated that the point in question should immediately adopt diplomacy as his lifework.

"He had been asked by a widow to guess her age. He hesitated. 'You must have some idea about it,' she said, with what was intended for an arch glance.

"'I have several ideas,' the young man admitted with a smile. 'The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains.'"

Hygienic Australia.

Health conditions in Australia are better than in any other country of the globe if the low death rate of 10.95 a thousand a year may be accepted as an index, says the Medical Record.

The death rate from tuberculosis has steadily been declining during the last twenty-five years and now is less than 9 per cent of the total deaths, which is a lower percentage than any published by any other country which compiles its statistics in an equally accurate manner.

In New South Wales the notification of cases of pulmonary and throat tuberculosis has been compulsory for over ten years. The walls and ceilings of houses in which cases occur are sprayed with a solution of formalin and the floors are washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate.

The effectiveness of the educational campaign is shown by the fact that open air sleeping is more general than in any other country. There is scarcely a dwelling house constructed nowadays in Australia, even a laborer's cottage, which is not provided with a suitable veranda for outdoor sleeping. There is very little expectorating on the sidewalks or other public places.

Ordinances to prevent the contamination of milk and other foodstuffs are well observed. In shops where fresh meat is offered for sale it is customary to find sheets of water running over the front windows and walls for the purpose of catching dust. All large cities, like Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and others, have tuberculosis sanatoria and also a large number of beds for chronic cases. The Greenvale sanatorium, near Melbourne, will compare favorably with similar institutions in Europe and America.

Gratifying progress has been made in isolating chronic and more particularly open cases of tuberculosis. In New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia it is estimated that at least 50 per cent of these cases have been placed in hospitals and a good proportion of the remainder under supervision. The health officials believe that only a few years will elapse before every case of pulmonary and throat tuberculosis will be under such control as to reduce the danger of transmitting the infection to a minimum.

⁂

There's no fun in loafing if you can't bother some person who is busy.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 645 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Snoring Maiden Feet.

(Continued from page ten.)

Malcolm Holme would recover from the wound and the exposure he had suffered on the first night Ruth had been seen by him (Harley) and the next best thing to a dead claimant would be an heiress who could be brought to terms by treacherous enemies.

Harley was at Holt on a mission for his paper, but he had no idea of finding the girl and then turning her over to the managing editor and Captain Preston. Even before his departure on this assignment, he had heard rumors that both Holme and his daughter were to be arrested for perjury in connection with affidavits made in the case.

It was no part of his plan to take Ruth back to a cell in the Shannon street police station. Once in touch with her, he would give the girl very definite instructions as to the correct method of keeping out of the way of the managing editor of the Star and his friend, or fellow conspirator, Captain Preston.

Just how to handle the present situation Harley could not determine. He wanted to find the girl before she left the town, and yet he did not want Hall to know that he had found her. Angell might learn from the Blade that the mission had been successful.

"Of course," Hall went on, directly, "the girls in the mix-up were discharged, and will be going out of town immediately, so I thought I'd see what they have to say for themselves. My city editor is away, and I'm doing local work myself. Better come up to the Alden House with me. If you know this girl, if she should happen to be the one you mentioned a moment ago, she will doubtless be glad to see you."

There seemed to be no other way out of the maze of trickery into which the reporter had blundered, so he stopped in the middle of the pavement and told Hall the truth, or, at least, enough of the story to give him to understand that it was the intention of the reporter to "fall down on his assignment" and still get the girl away.

"It isn't professional," Hall said, in reply, "but, in your position, I should do just what you propose doing. Come on up, and we'll talk the matter over with the girls. It is shillings to shavings they haven't enough money to get out of town."

Pleased beyond expression at the manner in which Hall had received the story, Harley proceeded in the direction of the Alden House with a light heart. Fearful that the girls would refuse to be seen, it was arranged that Hall ask for the girls as a local reporter and Harley was to enter the room while his friend was there.

But the best laid plans are sometimes the surest to fail. Just in front of the Alden House Harley and Hall came upon Mike Schobey, who was waiting there for an answer to messages he had sent to Captain Preston. Tired of hanging about the lobby of the hotel, he had turned out for a walk in the street.

He had wired the police captain regarding his discovery of the girl, and asked if he should place her under arrest. He had sent similar messages three times while on the journey to Holt, and had not yet received a straightforward answer. In every case he had been advised to keep close watch of the girl and await instructions. Now he was becoming tired of his job and was anxious to get back home.

"Well, well, Harley," the officer said, as the reporter stepped up to him, "what brings you here?"

"I ask the same question of you!" the reporter replied, but there was no doubt in his mind as to the detective's mission at Holt.

Schobey laughed, but made no reply to the question. Instead he poked Harley in the ribs with his thumb.

"Up to your old tricks!" he said, with an insinuating laugh. "Well, the girls are all right, at that. Going up to see them?"

"What girls are you talking about?" asked Harley, in simulated amazement.

"Why," was the reply, 'the 'Only Girl' combination chorus is up there," with a wink at Hall, "and they're beauties."

As he spoke Schobey swung one arm aloft toward the windows of the third floor of the hotel. Harley followed the direction of pointing finger and saw three faces at a window. Two of them were unfamiliar to him, but he was certain that the third one was that of Ruth Holme. Just what to do under the circumstances was a puzzle. He believed that Preston, doubting the capability of the report Angell had sent out, had dispatched Schobey to arrest the girl. In fact, he did not understand why the arrest had not already been made.

Plainly, the thing for him to do was to get the girl away from the hotel before the detective acted on his instructions. Yet everything he did openly in the way of obstructing Schobey's plans would be reported to Preston and by him to Angell, and so on to the managing editor. In that case he would be sure to lose his position on the Star, which he did not want to do at that time.

"Do you know any of the bunch?" Schobey asked, in a moment.

"No," Harley replied, mentally asking forgiveness for the fib. "I am looking for a lady who came out with the company, but have not found her yet. Come," he added, drawing the astonished editor away, "we may as well go back to the theater."

Schobey chuckled as they walked away thinking that he had the whole field to himself and would score a hit. Left on the depot, for he had at once recognized Ruth as she stood by the window. If his instructions would only come, he would arrest the girl and leave for home.

He did not know, of course, that Marlow and Quick had been sent out by Angell, acting under orders, to get Ruth Holme away from himself, as well as from Harley, and conduct her to some retreat where she would be forced to remain until she reached conclusions regarding the Holme suits which were favorable to the defendants. He did not know that, in the event of Malcolm Holme's entire recovery, it was planned to keep the girl away from him until he consented to some ruinous compromise. The defendants in the Holme suits were certainly out to win!

So while Schobey waited in vain for instructions to make the arrest, which were never to come, the reporter and the editor walked down the street, the latter at a loss to understand this last movement on the part of his friend.

"Now," Harley explained, directly, "it is up to you. Schobey thinks I have fallen down on my assignment, and so I'll not be blamed, at least not for disloyalty to my paper, when I go back. I can't show up before the girl now. You must go and see her, tell her the reporter who came to her in Holborn court on the night her father was injured wants to see her, and get her to sneak away from the hotel. It may be well for her friends to come with her."

"Oh, I'll fix that, all right," laughed Hall. "This is getting swift enough for the motion picture class! I'm enjoying it. You go to the Darwin House, down the street, there, and wait in the ladies' parlor for me. I'll report within fifteen minutes."

Harley did as requested, and waited much longer than fifteen minutes. When Hall returned there was a blank look on his face and he regarded the reporter with a perplexed frown.

"Will she come?" Harley asked.

"Come!" repeated Hall. "Why, man, she isn't there! I saw the two girls who fought for her, and they said she'd be back in a moment. She had gone down to the office to mail a letter, they said."

Harley gripped his hands close and waited anxiously.

"Well, sir, we waited near half an hour, and she didn't come back. Then I went down and asked for her, and what do you think? She had gone out! Had left the hotel half an hour before, the clerk said. No what do you think of that?"

"Alone?" asked Harley. "Did he say she left the hotel alone?"

"That's the strange part of it all," was the reply. "The clerk thinks she went out with a veiled woman who met her in the lobby. At least, she was last seen talking with such a person. Now, who could have taken her away?"

"You can't find any answer by searching me," Harley replied. "I guess we're all playing in the dark."

CHAPTER XVI

FOUND AND LOST AGAIN.

Standing at the Alden House window, looking out on the depressing street scene three stories below, Ruth Holme saw Schobey walking up and down in the chill December fog, and, presently, saw Harley stop and speak with him. She recognized the officer as the one who had questioned Nellie at the restaurant, and also as the one who she had been told had visited the rooming house on the morning of the departure of the "Only Girl" combination. She had no doubts as to his business there.

She also recognized the reporter as the young man who had been so sympathetic on the night of the accident to her father. At that time he had done his best for her, but his efforts had cost him a night in a police cell.

Harley's presence there with the detective could, in her mind, mean only one thing. The detective had followed her for the purpose of placing her under arrest, and the reporter was there for the purpose of identifying her.

She had no idea, as has been stated, why she should be wanted by the police, but there was the feeling in her heart that she must get away from the hotel before the detective and the reporter located her.

Her first impulse was to explain the situation to Jean and Jennie, but then the thought occurred to her that they would insist on sharing her fate, whatever it was, and she concluded that she had already made them trouble enough. Much as she desired their companionship, she preferred leaving alone to bringing them into greater difficulties than she had already loaded upon them.

She stood watching from the window for a moment, and then turned away to a shaky table which stood in one corner of the shabby room and wrote a brief note in pencil. When it was finished there was no envelope in the room, and the girl explained that it would necessary to go to the office for a moment.

"It is chilly in the halls and in the office," Jean said, handing out Ruth's coat and a hood the girl had brought with her.

"Put these on, and hurry back."

Ruth was glad of the garment and the hood, for it was not her intention to return to the room. If she was to escape from the house she must act quickly. She went out and closed the door after her.

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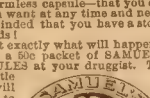

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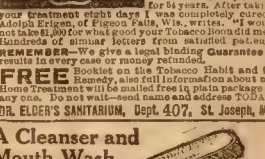

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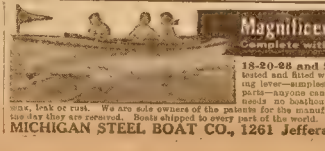

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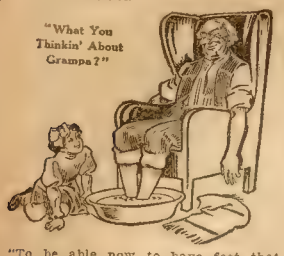

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her, then opened it again, thrust her head inside, and called out, in a bantering tone:

"By-by, Girlies!"

"By-by, Kiddo!" Jennie called back, and Ruth went on down the stairs, wiping tears of misery and regret from her eyes.

At the office Ruth secured an envelope, addressed it to her father at the general delivery, stamped it, and started toward the door.

"Here!" shouted the clerk. "You can mail that without going outside. There's a box at the end of the counter."

As she thanked the officious clerk and turned to drop the letter into the box, a woman wearing a long cloak and heavy veil came out of the waitingroom, which faced the main street, and motioned her toward the room she had just left. Ruth, dazed, and wondering how she was ever to get to the street, involuntarily obeyed the gesture and followed the strange woman.

"You are Ruth Holme?"

The question was low-voiced, but abrupt. Ruth shrank back, as if from a blow, and made no reply.

"You have nothing to fear from me," the woman went on, throwing her veil aside and showing a face the girl had seen before—the face of Lucy Garland, the middle-aged lady she had talked with on the train.

"Oh, I didn't know!" Ruth said. "Yes, I am Ruth Holme."

"Now," the woman went on, "sit down and don't scream. I've got something to tell you that's not very cheerful. And when you know what it is you must make up your mind what to do right quick!"

"I think I know," Ruth said, with shudder of fright. "There's an officer

"Yes, there's an officer here," the woman went on, "an officer from your home town. I heard what that cheap detective said at the theater after the row there this afternoon. He's watching you."

"I know," Ruth cut in, "he is out there in front now."

"That doesn't count," the other continued. "He'll never get you three girls out of Holt. Allen is going to have warrants served on the three of you on charge of larceny. He claims that the girl who fought him snatched a diamond pin off his scarf while she was pulling his hair."

"But I don't see how he can say such a thing——"

"He'll say anything," the actress said. "He's ready to swear the assault was a conspiracy to rob him. He may not be able to secure a conviction, but he'll keep you in jail here, all right, until he gets out of the State. Lord knows that's trouble enough! Now, you've got to duck, the three of you."

"But how?" asked Ruth.

"You go on out the side door I came in at, and I'll notify the others. You go the way I tell you until you come to the Darwin House. Ask for the ladies parlor, say you're waiting for Mrs. Garland and keep out of sight until you see me. Understand?"

Ruth said she understood, and was quietly shown out of the side entrance, which led to a narrow street joining the main one a few rods away. In order to reach the Darwin House without being observed by Schobey, still out in front, she was to walk on down the narrow street to one running parallel with the main street; then, after getting away from those in front of the Alden House, turn back to the main street again.

After seeing Ruth turning into the parallel street, the kind-hearted Mrs. Garland hastened to the office counter and asked for the two girls she was now to warn of the impending trouble. The clerk pointed the way, with many a supercilious glance at the matronly lady who was inquiring for the chorus girls, and Mrs. Garland hastened up the two flights of steep stairs, arriving at the door she sought all out of breath.

Jean and Jennie were expecting Ruth back, and did not look up when the door opened and closed, Mrs. Garland, with a mischievous smile on her broad face, drew aside her veil and dropped into a chair. Jean gave a quick start when she saw who it was.

"I thought it was Kate," she said.

"Kate who?" demanded Mrs. Garland, severely.

"Kate Morse, of course."

"You mean Ruth Holme," said the visitor, calmly. "You're expecting her back? Well, she won't come. I've sent her away."

"What you buttin' in for?" demanded Jennie, angrily. "What right you got to come into our room sayin' what you've done? You'd better get back to that shrimp of a lowbrow you're workin' for!"

Jean motioned to Jennie to shut off her supply of words and then asked:

"You say you have sent Ruth away? Where have you sent her? How do you know her name is Ruth Holme?"

"How do I know anything?" demanded Mrs. Garland. "Do you think I'm a graven image? I knew—the train who she was, and would have helped her if she'd 'a' let me. To come to the next question, I've sent her to the Darwin House. You'll find her there."

"I like your nerve!" Jennie exclaimed.

Then Mrs. Garland told the short story of danger which she had told to Ruth, and Jennie took her hand and declared she was awfully sorry for having been fresh with her.

"I thought you'd come from that cur of an Allen," she said. "If you had, I'd 'a' bumped your head good an' plenty. Now, the next question is this: How are we goin' to get out of town?"

"You can decide on ways and means later," the older woman said. "Now, you must get out of this house."

"And cut into the brush somewhere," Jean added. "Don't you think that Allen person will have every hotel in the town searched? Of course, he will, and it won't take long to do it, at that. Come, kiddo," she added, turning to Jennie, "we may as well pack our Saratogas."

The stage wardrobes were furnished by the manager and were at the theater, so the girls had only a few personal belongings to pack in a leather suitcase. This done, they walked carelessly down stairs, chatted for a moment with Mrs. Garland in the waitingroom, and then cautiously walked out of the side door.

When Mrs. Garland left by the front entrance, a few moments later, Schobey was still pacing restlessly up and down before the hotel. But night was now falling, and as the woman turned the corner below she saw him enter the office.

Mrs. Garland entered the Darwin House and stepped up to the clerk, a smile on her face.

"Well?" she asked.

The clerk came out from behind the desk and pointed to a chair in a little alcove sittingroom. It was evident that the two had reached a perfect understanding as to what was being done, and as to what was to be done. The actress had taken the clerk into her confidence before leaving on her praiseworthy mission.

"Where is she?" was the first question asked by the clerk.

"I sent her here," replied the astonished lady. "Didn't she come? You don't mean to say that you've gone and lost her, in a strange town, and broke, and night coming on! Of course, she came here."

The clerk shook his head gravely. Night was indeed coming on fast. What with the fog and the heavy clouds, it seemed that evening had spread a black mantle over the little city in five minutes' time.

"She never came here; I watched for her," the clerk said. "The other girls came, and I took them to the out-of-the-way room I told you of. No officer can find them there, as I told you before. They asked for the little one, too, but I had to tell them she would be along directly."

"What do you think has become of her?" demanded Mrs. Garland. "The detective sent after her is at the Alden House, so he couldn't have nabbed her, and the warrant old Allen is going to get out isn't ready yet. I heard him saying, just before I left the theater, that the State's attorney had to order the warrant, and he wasn't in his office. Who is that man over there?" she added, stopping in her talk of the strange disappearance of the girl to point to Hall, the editor of the Blade, who was standing not far away. "I believe he's been listening."

In a moment the belief had changed to a certainty, for Hall advanced to where the two sat and asked:

"Is it a fact, Charley, that this girl has again disappeared?"

"You refer to Miss ——"

A long pause, then Hall laughed.

"Say it," he said, "I know who she is. No need to mention names now. She's gone, has she?"

"Lost between here and the Alden House," said the clerk.

"She's not lost!" the actress exclaimed. "She's been gobbled up! You can't fool me. Some 'fly cop' has pinched her."

Hall went to the 'phone and, after giving his name, talked with the officer in charge of the station.

"There hasn't been an arrest made this afternoon," he said, returning to where the two sat. "Unless some of Allen's gang has coaxed her away, she's lost in the city somewhere."

"Not so you could see it with the naked eye," a voice answered, and then Harley came into view, much to the amazement of Mrs. Garland, who began wondering if she had been speaking before an audience, while addressing the clerk in confidence.

"Take it from me," Harley went on, "if the girl hasn't shown up here, she's quit the whole works. She's not the kid to get others into trouble, and she knows she has stirred up a mess for the two girls upstairs. She's just floated off alone to do the best she can for herself and keep out from under foot."

"I half believe you are right," Mrs. Garland said. "She struck me as that kind of a girl. Well, where would she be apt to go?"

"There's only one place to hide," Harley replied, "and that's in a big city. She will try to get back home by a night train."

"Mercy!" cried the woman. "She's broke. She couldn't pay for a ride on a mudboat."

"I'll find her," Harley exclaimed. "Say," he continued, "you go get those girls ready. I'll take them back to town with me and set them at work looking for the kid. They'll be glad to help find her."

"And they'll be glad to ride back on the cushions!" laughed the woman.

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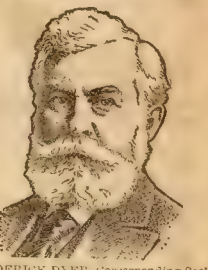

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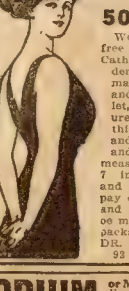

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turning away toward the room just as a red-faced, important man in police uniform bustled in at the door and advanced to the clerk with this question:

"Where be them show girls? I've got a warrant for them."

"What for?" asked Hall, motioning the officer to a seat and handing him a cigar. "What they wanted for? Good story in it, eh?"

The self-sufficient policeman fell into the trap and sat down to tell a story which he hoped might make him prominent in the case. Hall knew that he must gain time to let the girls get out of the house.

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The Counterfeit Hawkins.

(Continued from page four.)

dead!" at which the remainder of the train hands showed a decided falling off in the interest which they had been regarding my dirt and rages, and the conductor stepped forward, and, for the first time, demanded and explanation of the scene.

Without revealing to him the full extent of the property which I had been defending, I could not tell to what weakness of flesh I might be exposing myself, I gave him a satisfactory explanation of the row, and he tumbled us all aboard, including the injured man, and steamed away from the forsaken spot.

Surrounded as I was at last by supposedly respectable citizens, my confidence in humanity had been so upset that I still was more prepared for war than peace. That I was practically in custody, I could feel no doubt, but it is certain that there never was a man more anxious to be again under legal rule, or more anxious to give a full account of his doings to those in high authority.

The greatest disappointment of my life, I think, was to discover that I was not considered in proper condition to be allowed to ride in the same coach with the girl for whom I had suffered all. Nothing could convince the conductor that there was an appropriate place for me outside the smoker, where I was obliged to view constantly the stunned and battered specimen of my savage onslaught, as he lay staring with unseeing eyes at the smoke-dimmed ceiling of the car, and shared with me gaudy notoriety of our fight to death.

It was not a pleasing experience, and when, not long after starting, the sound of traffic greeted the stopping of the car I was in a mood to welcome the sight of brass buttons and handcuffs, if nothing short of them would divorce me from my partner in crime.

It was the same village I had entered the night before, and as then, there was a surprise awaiting for me. The real Hawkins, it seemed, had managed to escape from his assailants, the night before, and, with a disreputable-looking patch over one eye and hobbling painfully, was on hand at the depot to offer up evidence against any suspicious character whom anybody had in charge.

No sooner was our affair stated to an officer, than Hawkins was upon us, and a wild confusion of testimony followed, during which, even though vindicated by Miss Manning, who to my unutterable joy retreated before the real and clubby to the counterfeit lawyer, I was made to feel the full burden of that injured gentleman's displeasure at being counterfeited.

No sooner had my victim regained consciousness from the effects of the blow which I had given him, than he bade fair to drift off once more under the fire of cross-questioning heaped upon him by the indignant lawyer. Shamelessly turning State's evidence, he unfolded his tale of guilt, which, supplemented by the lawyer's story, made clear to me at last in just what kind of a domestic tragedy I had been taking part.

Miss Manning's elderly uncle, it seemed, had married late in life a sister of Mrs. Bowen, a showy person of indifferent ancestry, who had cherished at the time of her marriage an unholy attachment for the surly Cavendish. This attachment they had not endeavored to crush out, and, as time wore on, this became known to the aged bridegroom

His retaliation was of the silent, deadly sort. Little by little he managed to dispose of his personal property. The diamonds came last. Then he sent for Miss Manning and presented her with these, during the absence of his wife and shortly before his death which was brought on by heart disease.

How Cavendish, spurred on by Mrs Bowen, came near to outwitting him, and how Fate outwitted Cavendish has already been seen. When an officer sent out by the outraged Hawkins reached the home of Miss Manning's deceased uncle, Cavendish and Mrs. Bowen had fled. The wife did not return to claim her property, which had dwindled down to the house and furnishings.

All this had been settled, but most of it was guessed at when I met Miss Manning alone in the tiny hotel parlor in the mountain village so fraught with incident for me. I had visited the barber and had on as decent a suit as the place could afford. My heart was beating very hard, and I had abandoned forever my legal air.

"Miss Manning," I said, "our train will be here in ten minutes, and the real Hawkins in five, so pardon me if I seem abrupt. This fraud of mine I consider the luckiest incident in my life. I had taken her hands determinedly, and she did not take them away. She was blushing gloriously, but her eyes were sweet and brave as they were lifted for an instant to my own.

"You were so kind," she whispered.

"I was not," I firmly answered back.

"So brave," she laughed with a deeper blush.

"Not that, either," I whispered, bending low.

"Well, then!" desperately.

But the real Hawkins was at the door.

The End

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Chicago Ledger

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1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Better one small cheer than a big howl.

Better a strong prejudice than a weak conviction.

You can't expect a blind man to see the error of his way.

A woman seldom eats if there is anything else for her to do.

It's easier to know what to do than it is to do what you know.

Many a man can't afford to dress well because his wife does.

Some men give a dollar with one hand and grab two with the other.

In order to live a man must work—even if he only works somebody else.

Misery loves company—if the company will listen to its hard luck stories.

It doesn't take much of a joke to make a man laugh—when he is telling it.

And many a man throws bouquets at himself who doesn't care for flowers.

The man who attempts to call a woman's bluff must be looking for trouble.

Too often it is the things we shouldn't do that seem to make life worth living.

It's easier for a man to make money if he isn't on speaking terms with his conscience.

Fate seems to have picked out some men to be punching bags and some to be door mats.

Don't be too modest. People never criticise an old hen for cackling after she lays an egg.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, we are told—and the same might be said of a faint bank balance.

Talent in the kitchen and a balance in the bank should form a combination for generating domestic bliss.

Man may be the noblest work of God, but only blind love can make a woman think he looks like that.

Some one has defined a gentleman as a man who kicks the cat instead of swearing at his wife when things go wrong.

When a woman says she believes every word her husband tells her, it's dollars to doughnuts that the honeymoon is still in its infancy.

In dodging their obligations, some men indulge in a continuous performance that would seem to indicate they had discovered perpetual motion.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

A Good Guess.

In a country Police Court a man was brought up by a farmer accused of stealing some ducks.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"Oh, I should know them anywhere," replied the farmer, and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

"Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "these ducks can't be such a rare breed. I have some like them in my own yard."

"That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer; "they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately!"

"Call the next witness," said counsel.

Brave.

"Isn't it wonderful the courage a little woman has?"

"What do you mean?"

"There's that wife of mine—she hasn't weighed over one hundred pounds in her life and yet——"

"Faced a burglar single-handed?"

"I should say not."

"Killed a mouse herself, probably?"

"No. She cornered the landlord the other day, and bluffed him into redecorating the entire house. And I didn't have nerve enough to ask him to paint the kitchen."

Father's Verdict.

Willie came home in the middle of the forenoon bearing this note to his Stern Parent:

"Dear sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that your son, William, shows decided indications of astigmatism and his case should be attended to without delay."

The Stern Parent wrote beneath this message the following and sent Willie with it to the teacher: "Whip it out of the little cuss."

His Contribution.

"I understand you suggested that the tramp who fell off your front porch should be taken to St. Timothy's Hospital."

"Yes, the hospital management has been after me for months to contribute something to help their work along, and I thought it would be a bad idea to contribute a patient."

Leap Year.

A local youth is having trouble with his girl.

"Why won't you marry me?" he demanded the other day.

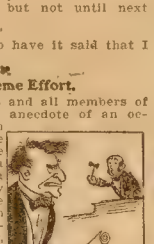
"I'll marry you, but not until next year."

"Why the delay?"

"I'm not going to have it said that I did the proposing."

His Supreme Effort.

Thaddeus Stevens and all members of the House tell one anecdote of an occurrence in which Mr. Stevens and the Speaker of the House got into a sharp tangle, ending in Stevens savagely rolling up some documents on which he had been addressing the Chair and turning his back to the Speaker in the most impolite way while passing furiously up the aisle toward the cloak-room.



"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens, turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel; "I am trying to conceal it!"

The Facetious Operator.

"I say, Mister," said the cadaverous man, entering the telegraph office, "could you trust me for a telegram I want to send my wife? I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Sorry, sir," said the operator, "but we are terribly busted these days and there isn't a tick in the office that isn't working overtime as it is."

Up Against It.

Hokus—Why don't you try to get a job?

Pokus—Employers prefer to hire married men.

Hokus—Then why don't you get married?

Pokus—A girl won't marry a fellow unless he has a job.

Realization.

"I wonder if your sister realizes, Johnny, that during the last three months I have spent many dollars in sweets on her."

"I'm sure she does, Mr. Sweetly; that's why she's not letting on she's engaged to Mr. Bigger."

Bigger Game.

"Surely you didn't reject that young millionaire when he proposed to you?"

"Yes, I did."

"For goodness sake, what for?"

"I've got my eye on an old billion. Before that I think I can land."

Expert Assistance.

"The anesthetics don't seem to have any effect on old Battersby, sir. He won't drop off."

"Hum. Ah. I have it. Send for his pastor and his barber. Between them they ought to put him to sleep."

Man's Rights.

The Theorist—A man has a right to insist upon being the head of his own household.

The Pessimist—Ye-es, and a man also has a right to slap a tiger on the nose, but—

Enjoyed Himself.

"How did you like the show last night?"

"Great. For the first time I've seen my wife shed tears that I wasn't responsible for."

He Was Plain.

Senator La Follette, at a dinner in Madison, said of a certain notorious trust:

"That trust's Thanksgiving won't be this year, so boisterous and blatant as it used to be. That trust has certainly become subdued."

He smiled.

"It's spirit is as humble now as the spirit of a very ugly man who visited a matrimonial agency and said he'd like to find a wife. But the agent, looking the man over, returned, sternly:

"'I'm afraid it won't be easy to find a wife for you, my friend.'

"'I thought,' said the applicant, 'you might have something shortsighted on your books.'"

Signs of a Winner.

"Does your wife win at bridge?"

"I don't know for sure," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I think so. The women all look as if they disliked her very much, but they keep on inviting her to play."

Cockney Strategy.

First Londoner—How did you keep the suffragists from breaking your windows?

Second Londoner—Put some perfectly lovely hats in 'em, duncherno.

WANT ADS

PERSONAL

KNOW Thyself: Your future revealed by America's foremost Astrologer. Mail, name, birthdate, three questions, 6-2c stamps. Reading will surprise you. Prof. Franklin, C. Juarez, Mex.

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FREE Reading by trance medium. Send date of birth—dime. Dr. Eagle, Saginaw, Michigan.

MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 85, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

ASTROLOGY—Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets reading. Star Reading Co., 106 Barr St., Kewanee, Ill.

MARRY—Book of Descriptions; mailed sealed free, many wealthy. The Exchange, Box 625 A, Kansas City, Missouri.

FUTURE, Past, Present revealed. Send dime and birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 116 Second Street, Kewanee, Illinois.

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 764, Tekonsha, Michigan.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY WEALTHY, Selected descriptions of refined pretty ladies, gents, want to marry. Free. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 24, Sedalia, Mo.

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LADIES: Make supporters; $10 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished. Stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Desk A, Chicago.

LADIES can make shields at home, $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

AGENTS

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. Sent free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

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The Boy Detective;

Or, The Great Morgan Mystery

By Weldon J. Cobb

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Begun in No. 15, April 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.
THE BLACK DOG

BOB ARCHER stood spellbound at the telephone, the receiver to his ear. A moment's thought, however, convinced him that the instrument was "dead." At a vital juncture an all-important disclosure hung upon the issues of a sentient instant of time. A rude interruption, a most startling, uncanny occurrence had added mystery to mystery, and silenced a revelation of possible vast significance.

It was no time for idle speculation, however. Strange as was the situation, giving information of a crime not yet committed, the announcement just made justified immediate action. Bob Archer turned to the night operator. About to report his strange experience, he paused. The man had held up his hand, warning the young detective to silence. His own desk 'phone had just rung. The receiver was to his ear.

With the composure of a man long inured to receiving all kinds of startling intelligence at all kinds of odd times, he caught the message and automatically moved his hand to an electric button set with others in a metal plate on the table directly at his elbow.

Bob's quick eye instantly noted that the signal given was for the police patrol wagon.

"Archer, what men are in the outer office?" inquired the operator, quickly.

"None."

"You are alone on duty?"

"For the moment, yes."

"Then you will have to go.'

"Where?"

"Hell—27 Rossiter Buildings."

Bob Archer was steady of nerve, but the words met him with a shock.

"Murder case. Take the wagon. Fly!"

The boy detective could scarcely realize that it was not all a dream.

"27 Rossiter Buildings!"—the very locality that had just come over the public wires!

"Murder!"—and that silvery voice, the musical echoes of which still lingered upon his hearing, had spoken breathlessly, shudderingly of that same crime.

What a coincidence, what strange, tragic network of circumstances was bringing to the young novice a case wreathed in the darkest obscurities at its threshold, perchance one of those mystic happenings that only a few times in a century thrill the civilized world!

He knew his duty too well, however, to hesitate in prompt, reliant obedience to orders. Already starting out from its home quarters, a hundred feet down the flag-paved court outside, there rang out the brassy, ear-splitting jangle of the bell of the police patrol wagon.

Clang, clang, clang!

Bob did not wait to run through the office to the doorway. With a bound he reached the side of the open window. With a spring he landed in the court outside. The prancing flying horses swept by him in a breath, lashed to splendid mettle by their expert driver. Bob caught at the handle of the rear steps, and was lifted from his feet and into the vehicle as if shot from a catapult. Two uniformed officers were already in the wagon. They knew who he was.

"No one else on duty," explained Bob, briefly. Then a dive into his pockets, and he affixed to his upper lip a false mustache, giving to his face an apparent added maturity of ten years.

"Rossiter Buildings," spoke one of the officers; "that's all we got. What's the case, Archer?"

"Murder, the operator said."

Both officers shrugged their shoulders carelessly, and the man who had spoken before remarked: "Nothing new for that locality."

The wagon rattled rapidly on its way. Bob had been out twice with others on urgency calls during his brief apprenticeship on the force. He knew what was expected of him, the veteran uniformed officers at his side as well.

The wagon finally turned into a narrow thoroughfare. It marked a crowded poor locality in a district given over to cheap tenements.

"Here we are!" announced one of the officers.

Clang! With expertness the driver brought the mettled steeds to a halt, the wagon backed to the curb as if by magic. Bob directed a rapid sweeping glance at the scene before him. Crowding the sidewalk clear out to the street was a gaping excited throng of men, women, and children. Every eye was fixed aloft. Over the entrance to the building from the second story a small iron-guarded balcony extended. Two windows, both now open, faced him. The brilliant moonlight, streaming squarely down upon the front of the structure, illumined every detail in clear view.

"There it is again!"

"The white cat!"

"Ugh! it makes one's blood curdle."

Leisurely sweeping aside one of the tattered curtains at one of the windows a large perfectly white Angora cat slowly paced into view from the apartment beyond. The animal glared at the gathering mob in the street below, snarled at them, trod the space between the two windows, and disappeared into the room, only to reappear, and then repeat its ominous, unusual round.

What thrilled, what shocked the witnesses of the scene, what held their senses in a thrall and impelled vast wonder and suspense, was the fact that the cat was dabbled with blood. The sanguinary crimson stains spotted the arching fur here and there. The paws were covered with lurid substance. The animal licked its jaws ravenously, as though it were the messenger of some bloody orgy in the room beyond.

All this the boy detective took in at one sweeping, comprehensive glance. As he stepped from the wagon, reliant and brisk, the throng parted to let him through to the entrance of the building.

There a woman past middle age, trembling with dread and horror, her cheeks blanched, her eyes startled and frantic, stood blocking the open doorway to shut out the crowding intruders. Bob Archer confronted her.

"You are the landlady here?" he demanded.

"Yes, oh, yes, sir!"

"What has happened?"

"Murder!" gasped the woman.

"Who is the victim?"

"A roomer, a new one. A stranger."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Morton."

Bob restrained an utterance of mystery and excitement. Morton!—the name was that spoken over the hurry wire at police headquarters less than half an hour before. The coincidental chain was complete—time, place, and now—the man!

"Take me to the room," ordered Bob laconically.

"It was just a little since," said the woman, "I went to the room to carry some towels. There he lay—oh, the dreadful sight! I shall never forget it."

They had reached the second story by this time. The woman pushed open a door. Bob entered a poorly furnished room.

A single gas jet was aflame. Its flickering rays showed the great white cat on its ceaseless rounds, the flapping window curtains, and, rigid, mute, lifeless on the ragged rug covering the floor, a prostrate human form.

From a ghastly wound in the throat a dull slow red tide was trickling. Across the upturned face was a piece of black cloth. The pockets of the dead man's clothing were turned inside out. Where a linen tag of some kind had held the name of the garment maker's name or the initials of the victim, a stub showed the main body of the tag had been cut off.

In the grate, at one corner of the room a heap of crisp blackened cinders showed, as if papers or clothing had recently been burned there.

"They have not left one clew to identification of the murdered man," spoke Bob. "Let us have a look at his face."

The shuddering woman at his side uttered a vivid scream as the piece of black cloth was removed.

"Oh, horrible, horrible," she moaned, staggering back and clasping her hands to her eyes.

Even Bob was unnerved. Only the grinning mask of a human face looked up at him. In a flash he realized how completely the assassin had done his evil work.

To remove from the face all trace of human familiar lineaments, the murderer, after the deed was done, had placed across those features a mask soaked with some corroding acid that had obliterated effectually all semblance to humanity.

Bof Archer's eyes expressed deep mystified concern and reflection. Already a mysterious case, it seemed that the almost demoniacal prevision of an adept murderer had confronted the messenger of the law with the defiant blank wall of—no clew!

Bob took the landlady by the arm and led her across the hallway into a lighted apartment, evidently her own room. She sank weakly into a chair, viewing him with frightened, questioning eyes.

"Now then," he said, sharply, "what more do you know of this case?"

"Nothing," gulped the woman, "except that about two hours ago a man came

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up the stairs, knocked at my door here, and asked for Mr. Morton."

"And then?"

"He went to the room, knocked, and was admitted. That is all I saw or heard till I went to the room to find what—what you saw," concluded the woman, with a ghastly shudder.

"Describe the man who called," directed Bob.

"I cannot. He stood well back in the shadow of the hall. He wore a light overcoat with the collar turned up, and that and a slouch hat he wore hid his face. The dog——"

"What dog?" shot out Bob.

"That came with him."

"There was one, then?"

"Yes. It trailed into the room yonder with him. It was a black dog. I'd know that animal again, although I wouldn't the man."

"That is all?" inquired Bob.

"Everything I know, yes."

Bob eyed the woman intently. He was satisfied from her actions, face, and words that she spoke the truth.

"Lock the door of that room, and allow no one to enter it until myself or some other member of the force request it."

The woman did so. Then Bob started

"Mr. Wooldridge!" challenged Bob at once.

"Ah, young Archer," spoke the other after a keen stare at the young detective.

"Yes."

"I happened into the station just after you left."

"I see."

"Thought you might need some help."

"I do, badly," acknowledged Bob.

He had turned and reascended the stairway, while they were talking, the detective following him.

"What is the case, Archer?" inquired Wooldridge.

Bob graphically told of his investigation. He did not, however, refer to the mysterious message which had come over the police wire at headquarters.

"I wish you would take charge here, Mr. Wooldridge," he said.

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"I have an idea," went on Bob, "that the dog in yonder closet may be some help in tracing down the murderer."

"You mean to set him loose," asked Wooldridge, quickly.

"Yes."

"And follow him home?"

"That's it."

"An excellent idea, Archer."

"The black dog!"

to descend the staircase. His brain was teaming with thought and perplexities.

"What is that?" he asked, sharply.

As he passed a closed door set in the corridor wall, a ticking, scratching sound on the other side had attracted his attention.

"It's a closet," replied the woman. "We keep fuel and old rubbish in it. No, sir, you can't open it, for it has a spring lock. Here is the key."

Bob listened for a renewal of the mysterious sound. It came. He applied the key to the lock and opened the door. A swift, lithe, shadowy form leaped out into the corridor.

"The black dog!" instantly exclaimed the woman.

CHAPTER V.
ON THE TRAIL.

Bob Archer grasped the flying animal by its collar as it tried to whisk by him. He dragged the dog back, forced him into the closet, and closed the door upon him.

The woman, pale and perturbed, watched all these proceedings like a person in some hideous nightmare witnessing section after section of a protracted tragedy.

"You are sure that this is the dog the man had with him who entered room yonder?" asked Bob.

"Oh, positive! Don't see, sir, the dog wandered about. The door of that closet may have been slightly ajar."

"And the animal nosed it open, entered, and the lock sprang to—exactly," nodded Bob. "Under no circumstances allow any one to interefere with the dog. I will keep the key."

"As you say, sir. Oh, what will be the end of all this terrible business?"

"Be calm, madam," rejoined Bob reassuringly. "No trouble shall come to you."

Bob started down the stairway with a well-defined program for immediate procedure in his mind. He nearly ran against a man, who pushed the door from the outside as he grasped the knob from the inside.

"It may lead to nothing. The animal may not know his way home. The landlady may be mistaken, and the dog may not belong at all to the assassin, but may have incidentally followed him into the house."

"All the same, make the test."

"I shall."

They had stood, while they conversed, looking down at the murdered man. Suddenly Bob advanced a step nearer and stooped over.

"What is it, Archer?" inquired the detective, tracing a purpose in the movements of his companion.

"I had not noticed before," said Bob, lifting the arm of the prostrate body. "The murdered man has something clutched in his hand."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"See."

Bob had pried open the rigid fingers. He held up a queer-looking object that puzzled both of them.

"It resembled a part of a mask," observed Wooldridge.

"A mask! No," dissented Bob, closely inspecting the object. "Why," holding it in what seemed to be its natural position, "it is a nose."

The moment he spoke the words Bob Archer's face grew sentient with an expression of sudden, startling enlightenment. He spoke not another word. So long, so studiously did he turn the strange object over and over in his hand, scanning it at every possible view point, that Wooldridge grew impatient.

"Don't waste time on a trifle, Archer," he said, with asperity.

"Is it a trifle?" demanded the young detective, seriously.

"I count it such."

"Why?"

"Because it is natural that an assassin might wear a disguise, or conceal his facial characteristics with a false nose." "This is something more than a false nose," said Bob Archer, convincedly, but he said it to himself.

"Well, I must attend to routine in this

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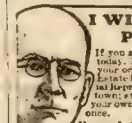

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case, first and foremost," declared Wooldridge. "Send up the two officers to take the body in charge, while I have an official talk with the landlady here."

"Shall I pursue the chase with the dog?"

"I think it a good idea."

Bob left the room. All the way down the stairs, however, his thoughts were working with the rapidity of lightning.

That false nose was no fragment of a clumsy mask. It was the most delicate and natural piece of work of its kind he had ever seen. It was, in fact, so artificially complete that, worn aright, it would be difficult for a casual observer to distinguish it from a natural nose. Its smooth edges showed a mucilaginous trace, where it had probably been artfully held upon a human face and torn thence by rapid force.

"Is this to continue to be a night of notable incidents?" breathed Bob, impressively. "Dudley Lane had a cut-off nose."

Why did he think of the man whose photograph reposed now in an upper pocket of his coat. A thrilling hope that this first direct step in detective work might lead him on a trail in some way involving Lane, fired his soul with strange ardor.

Bob took the message from Wooldridge to the officers in the patrol wagon in the street below. Then he felt that he could safely leave the case in the hands of Wooldridge, while he pursued the clew that led him to try independent action.

Bob went to the closet and unlocked it. He took from his pocket a piece of stout hempen string, and as he opened the door of the closet, attached this to the collar surrounding the dog's neck.

Bob wound the end of the cord twice about his hand. The dog strained at the string, anxious to leave the place.

"Go ahead," directed Bob—"but I'll go with you."

The animal descended the stairs in frantic haste. Reaching the street, he turned to the right. Then, gasping and choking, the animal found it more to its comfort to proceed more slowly. Its nose to the ground, its whole pose was that of an animal striking a true scent, and aware of some fixed and familiar destination in view.

Once away from the vicinity of the murder, Bob and the dog were not particularly noticed by passers-by. The animal was leading the way farther and farther from the lighted business streets.

The chase led toward an unfrequented part of the city, and finally into a section at one time quite an exclusive residence section. Here there were old mansions gone to decay, and used for flat dwellers and as apartment houses. Some factories had crept into the section. Toward the river, a little distance away, some manufacturing establishments were working on night shifts, strong beacons of activity and light.

"Hold on, there—a little slower," spoke Bob, as the dog gave an excited yelp, and tugged anew at the leash.

It was apparent that the animal was nearing home. Bob could hardly control him. The dog finally darted down a lane. It was the rear of several quite pretentious residences. Suddenly, without warning, the animal made a bound. The string broke. The next instant the dog ran at an aperture at the bottom of a high-spiked brick wall, and disappeared from view.

CHAPTER VI.
THE FROZEN FACE.

The young detective was a good deal chagrined at his animal captive escaping him so easily. Bob had not anticipated the rapid maneuver on the part of the dog. He lost on time, however, in endeavoring to regain a sight of the fugitive.

The aperture in the brick wall was too small to admit of the passage of a human body.

"I must get inside that yard," ruminated Bob. "But how?"

He lined the wall for fifty feet or more, found no break in it, and then sought some means of scaling it. At one point, where the dead blank surface was broken by a projecting pillar, Bob got a hold five feet up, made a nimble leap, and managed to catch at the tiled top.

Transferring his grip to a sharp-pointed pike, he slowly but steadily drew himself up, and, evading the menacing points and pieces of broken glass which studded the coping, dropped to the other side.

Bob found himself in a walled-in space. About a hundred feet distant was a gloomy, old-fashioned structure, with an obscure light only in one closely shuttered wing. Near to the rear wall were some sheds and a stable.

Utter solitude and silence held the spot. There was no trace of the dog that had just eluded his grasp. Bob stood looking all about him for a minute or two. Then he started to cross the garden toward an opposite inclosing wall.

"Hello!"

As he turned the corner of a broken-down vine trellis, Bob uttered the sharp ejaculation, and came to an abrupt halt.

Seated there on a stool, smoking a short pipe, a big cudgel between his knees, his menacing, sinister eyes fixed on the intruder, was a squat, bewhiskered rough-looking man.

"Why," spoke Bob, taking in the unexpected situation critically and aiming to regain his composure, "you quite startled me."

"I'm here to startle trespassers," replied the man in a gruff, unwelcome tone, bending his formidable bushy brows on Bob in a decidedly unfriendly fashion. "What do you want here?"

"I was looking for my dog."

"Your dog, eh?" retorted the man, suspiciously.

"Yes, one I run across and took a fancy to," went on Bob, with assumed careless flippancy. "He got away from me and ran through that hole in the wall."

"Did, eh?" muttered the man, never taking his eyes off from Bob, as if he was putting in the time to study him well.

"Yes, sir. Have you seen the dog, mister?"

"Yes, I have."

"That's good. Where is he?"

The man pointed to the opposite wall, with the words: "The dog flitted across here in a flash, and disappeared through the hole in that wall corresponding to the one in this."

"I see. Thank you," said Bob. "I'll make myself scarce and put after him."

"Yes, you'd better," observed the man, dryly.

Bob glanced over to the opposite garden wall. He ran at it and scaled it as he had the other one. It was to drop into a vacant, unfenced lot.

"I've lost my quarry," meditated Bob. "The dog may be miles away from the neighborhood by this time."

There was no sight or trace of the fugitive animal apparent. Learning this, after a casual survey of the vicinity, rather disappointedly Bob turned to retrace his way to the scene of the crime of the night.

As he was about to move down the lane, he chanced to look back. Evidently perched on some box or ladder on the other side of the wall was the mysterious warder of the garden stealthily watching him. He bobbed out of view when he found himself observed.

"That's queer," cogitated Bob. "Why should the man have any interest in me after I got away from the place?

Then, too, it seemed strange that a man should be on guard in an inclosed garden at the midnight hour. Bob was

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thinking of this as he re-entered the lane and noticed a policeman in uniform passing the other end.

"One word, officer," spoke Bob, going beyond the entrance to the lane on the public street and out of sight of the walled-in garden.

"What is it, young man?" challenged the policeman.

"From Central."

As Bob spoke he exhibited his official badge of authority.

"I see," nodded the officer.

"I wanted a trifle of information," resumed Bob.

"Glad to give it to you."

"That house back there"—and Bob described the place he had just come from.

"Yes, the old Morgan place," said the officer.

Bob started.

"The Morgan place!" he repeated.

"That's what it's called. Yes, you see, that is the house that belong to the old miser who was found robbed and murdered and his child kidnapped, some years ago."

Bob was silent for a moment. He was quite overcome by his feeling.

"Strange," he ruminated—"another link in the coincidental chain."

Fate seemed leading him this eventful night directly in touch with the case that was so fully in his thoughts.

"Who lives there now?" he inquired.

"Why," answered the officer. "It has been vacant off and on for years. You see, when old Morgan died, the question was what had become of his niece. She was the heiress to all his property."

"But had disappeared?"

"Exactly. The estate went into court—tied up. About a month ago the present tenant of the old mansion came on the scene."

"Who is he?"

"He is known as the Man with the Frozen Face!"

"The Man with the Frozen Face!" repeated Bob vaguely.

"That's it."

"Who is he?"

"The brother of old Morgan, he calls himself."

"Then he claims the property?"

"He can't."

"Why not?"

"In his will, old Morgan absolutely disowned his brother, and left the entire estate to his niece."

"But if she cannot be found?"

"Then it goes to charity. Now this new Morgan turns up, and says he is going to find the girl. He has been an Arctic explorer—lost in the Polar regions for years. Was nearly frozen to death. Lost an ear, a nose, and his face is all disfigured with his terrible sufferings."

"That's the story, is it?" observed Bob, musingly.

"That's the gossip I hear, yes," replied the policeman. "This new Morgan keeps himself very secluded. I have never seen him myself. He leads a strange, mysterious life, and is a good deal of a mystery to everybody."

"Thank you, officer."

Bob returned to the lane. He was very thoughtful. The old mansion now held for him a certain weird fascination he could not shake off. His active mind weaving some curious fancies, he walked slowly down the lane.

Just as the young detective passed the center of the rear wall to the old house of mystery, he paused abruptly.

"Why," spoke Bob quickly to himself—"the black dog!"

Just abutting the wall at that point was a shed. From its interior, distinctly and clear, there resounded a quick, whining yelp. Bob was certain that the sound was produced by the animal that had broken away from him. While he was following the dog, more than once it had emitted the same peculiar sound.

"The man in the garden deceived me," declared Bob, instantly. "This is the home of the dog. He shut it in the shed, and led me to believe it had gone on somewhere else. At all hazards I must see if the black dog is in that shed."

Bob selected a point where he could scale the wall, without getting in range of the sentinels where he had come across the midnight warden of this piece of mystery. He believed he had accomplished this as he got nimbly over the wall, dropped into the garden, and neared the open door of the shed.

Inside the structure he could hear the rustling movements of some animal. Bob entered the shed. Standing still in the darkness, he drew from his pocket an electric tube lamp and pressed its button. The vivid focus glare showed a dog, the dog, the black dog chained in a corner of the shed, and staring, dazzled, at the blinding illumination.

"I was right," said Bob, grimly.

He slightly moved the light along the wall of the shed, then halted it momentarily, nonplused and dismayed.

Squarely within its focus, extending a blue barreled revolver, his wicked face malignantly menacing, stood the man he had met in the garden.

"Move that light till I say so, stir so much as a step," spoke his challenger in a gruff, deadly tone of voice, "and I fire!"

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May—None; it was the natives' French I couldn't understand.

Presence of Mind.

A man, who, with his wife, is employed on a truck farm in New Jersey, recently found himself in a bad predicament when, in attempting to evade the onslaughts of a savage dog, assistance came in the shape of his wife.

When the woman came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of her husband's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, the wife was about to hurl it, when her husband, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

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COFFEE HURTS

One in Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffered from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse.

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that-I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change.

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum." "There's a reason."

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For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and catching for breath.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I "transited and medicated" books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 142, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those "choking, gasping, smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

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All you need to do to get it on is to place it around the neck, cross it over, and button the snap button. Nothing easier—no pins or clasps to scratch your neck or fingers—nothing to bother or rip. Once put on it stays on—and in place too. They come in two colors—snow white and maroon red. The picture shows it on a man, but women and children wear them just as much. In fact, pa, ma and the children like them equally well.

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The Doge's Daughter.

(Continued from page six.)

led downward still. In a short time they stood in a small room lighted by a swinging censer, and flooded then with light.

"This is one of the secret chambers of this house of mystery," she said, turning upon the young Englishman. "Here the ill-fated Duchess of Albini drank the white poison of Naples. But why should Raphael Sforza seek you? Is it because you love the Lady Sylva?"

"For no other cause," answered Vincent.

"Signor," she cried, "I swear that you shall possess the Doge's daughter! I swear it by all the saints in the calendar. What! Sforza, the husband of the first lady of Venice! Never, Signor Vincent! I am but a woman, but remember that I am still that vampire's wife. Come, let us go back," and they turned away and went up to the apartments overhead.

This powerful story will be concluded in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

BOYS AGAIN.

After dinner Mannows, who had gone East on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had education forcibly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length. "I don't believe it!"

As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he howled. "If it isn't Bill!"

The captured man after one look, broke into exclamation points.

Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!"

"Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hotheaded boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so chesty over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me then than family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a Highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little demons, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little sense into them! Ever go back on class day?"

"I went two years ago," said Bill. "I tell you fit made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uhhuh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you——"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it, I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics——"

"Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully——"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, spongeheaded idiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't euchred out of a fair game by the most underhanded, unjust, outrageous decision that ever——"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! "Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been egged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! Of all the——"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "I'd talk if I were you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a motheaten, disreputable——"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist, "if you don't take back your slanders on the best——"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoticed crossing, both Mannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commiserated.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him.

"Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly, "blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—he enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!"

"I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

Improving the Mind.

Mrs. Johnson had begun to learn French, and was gleefully informing her husband of the rapid progress she was making in her studies.

"I'm afraid," remarked Johnson, "that you'll soon grow tired. I've known people tackle a foreign tongue, expecting to know all about it in a few weeks, but before they have mastered even the rudiments their enthusiasm has evaporated and they have given up the task as hopeless."

"Oh, that's not the case with me!" declared Mrs. Johnson confidently. "I am getting on splendidly, and Professor Dubois say I will soon begin to think in French."

"Well," the husband murmured. "I won't interpose any further objection, and I shall be glad when you are able to think in French. It will something you have been unable to do in any other language!"

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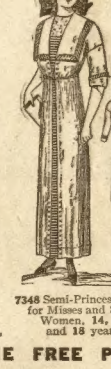

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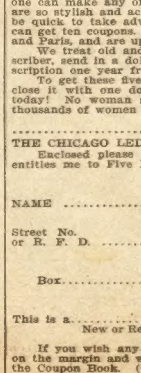

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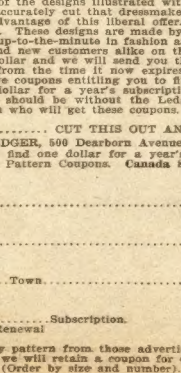

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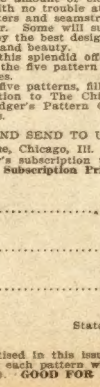

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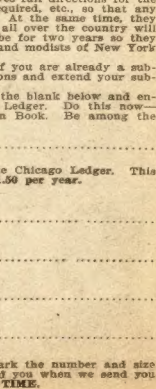

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To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

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$48.00 a Week And Your Own Clothes Made to Your Measure

Don't Miss a Word of This---It's the Opportunity You've Been Waiting For!

Suppose you should walk down the street wearing the swellest looking suit of clothes ever seen in your community—a suit tailored right up to the very last minute in style such as no tailor in your town could possibly turn out, to say nothing of the ready made clothing stores—don't you have an idea that such a suit on you would attract considerable attention? In fact, don't you **know** that dozens of your friends would stop you, examine the material, fit, style and workmanship, ask you who made it, how much it cost, where they could get clothes like it and a lot of other questions about it?

Yes, they would. Our agents tell us that is what invariably happens when they start out to represent us, dressed in the swell, stylish suits we make for them as samples of our work. **We furnish entire sample outfit** absolutely **FREE.** You know it's human nature to admire the man whose clothes are the swellest of the swell and so distinctive in appearance as to make him noticable even in a big crowd, and have people point him out as the swellest dressed man in town.

Now suppose that you should tell your friends that the suit you had on was a sample of the fine tailoring work done by the Great Central Tailoring Company of Chicago, that you were its sole representative in your town, that you had a big lot of samples of the finest suitings ever shown and that you could take their orders for suits just as stylish as your own and have them made to their own individual measure, at prices from $8.00 up—can't you imagine how they would open their eyes and ask to see the samples? And you can depend upon it, that orders, and a whole lot of them, would follow mighty quickly. For they would at once realize that they couldn't get such swell looking hand-tailored suits, such fine material, such snappy styles and faultless fit from local tailors or clothing stores, no matter what price they paid. They will be glad to order from you, especially when they find they can save from $5.00 to $20.00 on a suit.

ONE OF OUR MANY SWELL STYLES

Our Agents Win Admiration.

Agent's Sample Suit.

Complete Outfit Free to You.

EVERYTHING COMPLETE.

That Tells The Story of The Shrewd Start and Wonderful Success of our Big Army of Sales Representatives Who Are Now Earning Big Money Every Day.

They started out as the swellest dressers in their towns. Their swell appearance attracted the attention of other men who wanted to dress like them. They were walking advertisements of the Great Central Tailoring Company. They showed our samples, took orders and soon built up a big business. And now they're making money hand over fist! **You can do as well or better---You can make**

$5 to $8 a Day or $48 Per Week Easy

You can always dress swell without a cent of expense and that will make it easy for you to get orders. We give you exclusive territory and name you such special inside wholesale prices that you can undersell all competition and still make big profits for either all or only part of your time.

Our suits, pants and vests just sell themselves—all you have to do is to show your friends your own sample suit, and the fine line of samples we furnish you absolutely free, and also the handsome color plates of the finest clothes in America for style, looks and wear. Fit, workmanship and material **guaranteed by bond.**

Money or experience not required. Our instructions for taking perfect measurements cannot go wrong, a child could follow them without trouble. Neither red tape nor references. **We trust you absolutely and**

We Start You in a Profitable Business on Our Own Capital

It's the chance of your life to wear the swellest clothes of any one in your town and make the most money—to build up a big paying business and become independent! We stand right behind you every minute of the time. We help you in every way—advertise for you—help you to land orders—and make everything so easy for you that you simply can't help making big money if you accept our offer. Doesn't cost you a cent except the one you spend for a postal card on which to write your name and address. **Do that today.** Right now while you're thinking about it send us a hurry-up postal for

YOUR OWN FREE SUIT

offer and entire sample outfit which we will at once send you absolutely free prepaid. Your sample suit will be striking, hand-tailored, made to your own measure, your own choice of style and material—by long odds the swellest suit of clothes ever seen in your town. Will you accept it from us? Let us know at once.

A Word to Our Representatives

We owe much to you, you loyal band of good fellows and enthusiastic workers, for without your co-operation and earnest, intelligent efforts, we could never have built up our business to its present gigantic porportions. Through our mutual efforts we have all prospered and we are just as happy in the knowledge that you, too, have prospered exceedingly as is our own good fortune.

To those of you who have been with us for years and also to those who have but recently joined hands with us and started on the road to prosperity, we again renew our pledge of standing squarely behind you and backing you up in your work. Above all things we want to retain your good will and to that end we again assure you that your every wish will immediately be fulfilled as we have always done in the past.

Now, boys, the season is right at its best. Even though you have made nice big profits during the winter months, let's redouble our efforts and produce a larger volume of business than ever before. We can do it, for you know from experience how easy it is to sell the Great Central Made to Order Suits, Pants and Vests when you tell your customers that your own suit was made by your Company, and that you can get similar suits made to measure for them for from $8.00 up. You have the supreme advantage of being able to undersell all competition and yet make a nice profit on every order.

Never lose sight of this fact—and emphasize it to your customer—that we are the largest in the world—our prices the lowest—service the most prompt—satisfaction **always guaranteed.** Remember our slogan—"First in Everything"—and **don't miss a sale.**

SEND NO MONEY

We don't want your money. We want you to be one of our swell dressed sales representatives and make big money for yourself. So all you need do is to write us a postal at once and receive, prepaid, our big FREE sample outfit, remarkable, big money-making offer and sample suit offer. We back just one man in this way in an exclusive territory. Are **you** the man? If you are **we** need you—**you** need us. No risk. You can't lose. You're simply bound to win. It's a chance you can't afford to miss. Get in on this quick. Write us a postal now — TODAY — before it slips your mind. The men who make the big money are the ones who **see** opportunities and **grasp** them. This is **your** opportunity. Take advantage of it. Just your name and address on a postal will do. SEND IT TODAY.

Send Your Name and Address, on Post Card, at once, to

The Great Central Tailoring Co.,

Dept. 710 B, Jackson Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Write Today